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The Writer of this Work wishes to undertake the Education of Six or Eight Young Ladies, from about the Ages of Four to Fourteen.

Any Letters, addreſsed (poſt-paid) to Miſs Saunders, at Cainscroſs, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, will meet with immediate Attention.

The most satisfactory References will be given.

MARIA BARTLETT;

OR,

THE ADVANTAGES OF APPLICATION:

EMBRACING REMARKS

On the

EDUCATION AND MANNERS

OF

FEMALES.

BY MARY ANN SAUNDERS,

Author of "LITTLE SALLY, the Sunday Scholar."

"Learn that Accomplishments, at best,
Are but the Garnish in Life's Feast."
Hannah More.

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HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,
LONDON.

1824.

PREFACE.

In presenting the following Pages to the Public, I am sensible that I shall be exposing myself to much censure; that I shall be passively yielding myself up an object to arouse the ridicule of the satirical, and to excite the contemptuous smile of the learned. To the former I would say, that in penning these Pages I nearly lost sight of the satire I might incur. My object was to render them in some measure useful; and to the achievement of this great end I directed my principal attention, regardless, perhaps, of some minor considerations that ought not to have been neglected. To the latter I would offer an apology, for the rude unfinished state of this litfle Work, but all that I can urge in its extenuation is, that my *intentions* have

been good, and that I trust the principles and sentiments it contains are *just* ones; and that if they are found to be so, they will be accepted in lieu of refined language and able address.

M. A. S.

Cainscross, 1824.

MARIA BARTLETT.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the finest parts of the romantic county of D..... the attention of the traveller is arrested by a partial view of a building of Gothic architecture, which appears nearly imbowered by a group of beautiful chesnut trees.

The house was erected by Mr. Bartlett, who chose a gentle eminence for its site, that he might command an extensive view of the surrounding country.

He has been so particularly fortunate, as to select a spot more lovely than the richest imagination can paint, or the pencil of the most exquisite artist describe.

In front, the delighted eye wanders over a rural scene, diversified by woods and meadows, cultivated enclosures, and tracts of barren land, that tend to heighten the beauty of the waving groves that edge them. Little white cottages, studded about the green meadows, give the whole an appearance of peaceful industry; whilst here and there a village spire awakens in a well regulated heart the emotions of grateful piety; and recalls to a thoughtful mind the sweet reflection, that the country is not only civilized, but also a christian.

To the left, the prospect is not dissimilar, excepting that it is terminated by a lofty range of mountains, whose grey tops seem to mingle with the clouds.

To the right, a vast portion of the ocean is bounded only by the horizon, and gives the last masterly stroke to this highly-finished picture of nature's colouring.

Mr. Bartlett had some difficulty in selecting a residence according to his wishes, for being a great admirer of the beauties of nature, he wished to dwell in a spot where he could be surrounded by them; and as his profession was that of the

law, he deemed it necessary to live near the precincts of a town. In erecting this house, both ends were obtained; and in his morning rides to the town of ———— (where he had his office) he gratified his eye, and feasted his imagination, with those magnificent scenes of nature, that were so calculated to afford a repast of rich delight to a soul formed for their enjoyment.

Mrs. Bartlett was a woman possessed of a superior understanding; which, from having been highly cultivated, was a source of much pleasure to her worthy partner. A pattern of humility, gentleness, and religion, she blended in her character all the qualities requisite for constituting the intelligent companion, the amiable female, and the pious Christian. Three daughters and two sons composed the family circle. Blessed with a moderate competency, and reciprocal affection, they stood in need of nothing to render their fire-side comfortable.

When I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, which is now several years since, their eldest daughter, Maria, had just completed her fourteenth year. She was a genteel-looking girl, and upon a very slight acquaintance, ap-

peared agreeable; but when more intimately known, you were disappointed in finding her very ignorant and conceited, sadly deficient in many qualities that are essential to the character of a gentlewoman, and betraying an indolence of mind and behaviour highly reprehensible.

These defects arose from her having lived two years with an aunt, who was not sensible of the necessity of good instructions.

Mrs. Selvyn, her aunt, had met with many vicissitudes of fortune: had lost her husband by a sudden stroke of apoplexy, and with a very slender income was left to provide for two children. About four years after her husband's decease, her eldest child was carried away by the rapid advances of a consumption; and a short time afterwards, the other fell a victim to the typhus fever.

Finding solitude exceedingly irksome, she wrote to her sister, Mrs Bartlett, apprizing her of the continued depression of her spirits, and requesting the company of Maria for a few months. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett could not deny a request in every respect so reasonable, and after having received repeated assurances of proper

attention being paid to their little girl's education, they consented to part with her.

It was a great trial for Maria to leave her papa and mamma; but as they had always taught her to obey them with cheerfulness, she endeavoured to refrain her tears; and set out from Chesnut Grove in as good spirits as she could command. During her journey she thought a great deal of home, and felt very sorry to leave it, but as she knew her papa and mamma required her to do nothing more than her duty demanded, she endeavoured to overcome the trouble she felt.

Her aunt welcomed her to Dalton Cottage with tears of joy; and in the course of a day or two, she became quite reconciled to the change.

Her time was passed in a very different manner to what it had been at Chesnut Grove. Mrs. Selvyn indulged her to an excess, and suffered her to follow her own inclination in almost every thing.

Mrs. Selvyn, it is true, had promised Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett that she would pay every possible

attention to the instructions of their daughter; and she conceived that she was fulfilling her promise, by engaging a multiplicity of masters to teach her the usual accomplishments.

By degrees, Mrs. Selvyn overcame the poignancy of her afflictions; and being of a very cheerful disposition, she again entered society with her accustomed spirits, and engaged in its pleasures with all that avidity for which she had formerly been characterized. Her finances were small, but she felt no scruple in expending a little beyond them. She furnished her house with a degree of elegance; and as she displayed much suavity of manner, and vivacity of temper, her little evening fêtes were generally well attended.

Entangled with a circle of fashionables, her highest happiness consisted in visiting.

Maria had been nearly twelve months with her aunt, when her mamma sent for her home. Mrs. Selvyn, however, could not be prevailed upon to part with her. She so earnestly solicited the prolongation of her visit, and represented her rapid improvements in such glowing colours, that at length Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett consented to her remaining another year.

Poor Mrs. Selvyn believed that her niece was enjoying all the benefits of good instructions, while in truth the child was learning nothing solid, or useful. The fact was, Mrs. Selvyn was not a well-educated woman; I admit that she could play, and paint, and dance, and speak French, even better than some ladies who fancy themselves proficients in these things; nay, more than this, she could dress herself with all the refinements of taste at a very small expense. She could work handkerchiefs, point ruffles, and invent head-dresses: her boudoir was decorated by her pieces of embroidery, and her paintings made a splendid appearance in her drawing-room. In company, her manner was elegant. She talked fluently on the common chit-chat subjects of the day; she understood and practised all the rules of etiquette and fashionable politeness; and yet, my young friends, I repeat, she was not a well-educated woman. "Indeed!" some of you reply, "then pray what do *you* call education?" I am not surprised at the question, because I believe that many of you are following a course precisely similar to hers; but in order to answer it, I will continue my narrative.

To this catalogue of acquirements the lady

added *nothing*. The noble faculties of her mind were left uncultivated: her heart—that source from whence all our error—all our inquietudes proceed—was neglected; she had never been taught to observe the command of her Maker, viz. *Keep thy heart with all diligence.* On the contrary, hers was the seat of trifling silly thoughts, of idle imaginations, which she used no diligence to drive away. Neither had she learnt to govern the sallies of a passionate temper, nor watch against the risings of pride—no; her time and attention had been wholly lavished on the attainment of those accomplishments that sometimes attract admiration, yet oftener excite envy.

Had Mrs. Bartlett known her sister's real character, she would not have intrusted her child to her care; but the two sisters had passed so small a part of their lives together, that they were almost ignorant of each other's real disposition.

Mrs. Selvyn was several years older than Mrs. Bartlett, and had married before the younger sister had left school. Since that period, no frequent interchange of visits had taken place between them, in consequence of the professions

of their husbands, and the distance that intervened.

The total difference of sentiment, habits, and disposition of these two ladies, afford a striking instance of the effects of a good, and of a bad education.

Mrs. Selvyn at an early age had been sent to a very fashionable school, where she made a rapid progress in all the arts and accomplishments which it professed to teach. Unhappily, this school was conducted on a very bad plan; its grand object was *display*. The young lady who looked best, and danced best, was the object of envy among all her school-fellows, and of partiality among the teachers.

In this seminary, *useful knowledge* was glanced at, but not learnt; and all those pursuits that tend to make the life useful, and the heart happy, were discarded on the plea, "want of time."—Alas! in what manner was that rescued time employed?—in working flounces, in braiding and curling the hair, in nourishing the seeds of vanity, and in cultivating the plant of self-love by mutual flattery and mutual deceit.

Very different was the manner in which Mrs. Bartlett had been brought up: she had been placed under the care of a good and sensible woman, who did not merely gratify and direct the taste of her pupils in the pursuit of elegant acquirements, but at the same time taught them to esteem these things of secondary importance. She encouraged them in learning every accomplishment suitable to their station in society, but led them to regard them as the amusements, not as the business of their lives; to pursue them as recreation, and yet to aim at *perfection* in them, "because," she would say, "nothing is worth the doing, unless it be done well." But while she gratified these inclinations in her pupils, she directed their chief attention to that solid and profitable knowledge that enriched their understandings, and rendered them useful as well as shining members of society. Moreover, she led them to reflect that they were IMMORTAL, as well as rational creatures, and that in every thing they learned, as well as in every thing they did, they should keep in view the life to come. She used often to say to them, "in all your thoughts, words, and works, remember this end: ETERNAL HAPPINESS."

Under such an instructress, it is not surprizing

that Mrs. Bartlett grew up an ornament to society, and a blessing to her family, because in the ordinary course of events, we generally find, that the ALMIGHTY condescends to bless and nourish the seeds of good instructions; and that, some time or other, the fruits will appear.

CHAPTER II.

MARIA Bartlett adhered to nearly the same plan of study as her aunt had done, but with this difference: Mrs. Selvyn, naturally active, was determined to excel in every thing she undertook. Maria, constitutionally indolent, seldom took any pains with the tasks assigned her. She possessed a good understanding, but wanted application to improve it; she learned with facility, but soon forgot what she had been learning. In her fits of industry, she was capable of committing large portions of a book to memory, but the subjects were generally injudiciously chosen. She repeated long pieces of poetry with correctness and taste, but was nearly ignorant of her geography and grammar; she could read an affecting tale with much pathos, but scarcely ever felt an inclination to look into a book of ancient or modern history.

Before Mrs. Selvyn commenced her morning visits, she used to hear Maria read; but as the book was very frequently of the child's own

selecting it was seldom very profitable. The remainder of the morning was parcelled out into preparations for her music, her drawing, her French, her Italian, and her dancing masters; but if Mrs. Selvyn had lost a favourite bird, or if a primrose blossomed a little earlier than usual, these preparations were neglected, that she might indulge her propensity for writing what she termed poetry. These foolish productions were shewn to all the visitors, who loaded the poor child with unmerited commendations, to such a degree, that her little heart became the asylum of vanity and self-conceit. Mrs. Selvyn encouraged this weakness, by adding her own unbounded praises to those of her guests, and at length Maria was considered, both by *herself* and *her aunt*, as a girl of great talent, and of remarkable mental abilities. The needle, the slate, and the copy-book, made only their occasional appearance in her morning avocations; as her aunt observed that arithmetic was too dry a study, and plain work too stupid an employment, for a girl possessed of genius.

Mrs. Selvyn was a great reader of novels, but she withheld them from Maria, yet not without a promise of giving her a full enjoyment of them when she should be arrived at years of discretion.

Maria, observing the pleasure her aunt appeared to derive from books of this kind, imagined that they must be very interesting; and when left by herself, she would sometimes peep into the drawer of the work-table, to see if one had been deposited there. Her search was too often successful, and when once she had tasted the fatal poison, she could not resist the desire; she sipped a little, and withdrew, but returned again, and again, until she had finished the last drop of the deadly draught: her taste became vitiated, and her good principles shaken; her mind overflowed with the nonsense she had been gleaning from these unprofitable compositions; and her fondness for writing verse increased in equal proportion. In short, she was in danger of becoming a very romantic silly girl, had not her career of absurdity been suddenly stopped, by her father and mother's once more sending for her home.

Mrs. Selvyn offered to accompany her niece, and in a few days after the receipt of the letter they commenced their journey.

After an absence of nearly two years, Maria approached the precincts of Chesnut Grove, with sensations peculiar to those only who have been

separated for so long a time from their beloved relations. She possessed an affectionate heart, and it now palpitated with anxiety to see those she loved. As she rode through the avenue, every fresh object recalled some pleasing circumstance of former times to her recollection—here was a bank on which she and her sister had once planted some roots of blue periwinkle—there was a path which led to a little grotto, reared by the hand of her father. Although the month was November, the ground covered with dead leaves, and a thick fog inwrapt every object in its damp mantle, yet to Maria the grove never appeared half so delightful. The music of its native warblers had never sounded so sweet to her ear, as did now the grating hinges of the opening gate. Never had she gazed upon the dark green foliage with such pleasure, as she now beheld each well-known leafless shrub.

At length a glimpse of the parental mansion was obtained for an instant; again it was concealed by the trees; the next moment, a sudden turn of the road brought them in front of its door; and the next, Maria was clasped in transport to the beating hearts of her expecting parents.

The sisters, eager to oblige, hastened to assist

in taking off her damp attire, while Mrs. Bartlett performed the same kind office for Mrs. Selvyn.

Scarcely were they returned to the parlour, when the door burst open, and two joyful boys rushed forward to share the embraces of their sister. They loaded her with caresses, but were unable to utter one word of congratulation. This paroxysm of deep, yet silent feeling, might have long continued, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of the servant, with the tea-things. The sofa was wheeled to the fire, and Maria once more took her seat between her affectionate parents.

On this happy evening the nursery was deserted; Mrs. Bartlett departed from her general rule, and permitted her two youngest children to take their tea in the parlour.

"You are too old to play with us now, are you not, sister Maria?" asked the little rosy-faced Louisa, as she sipped her tea from a gold-edged cup and saucer, (for their little blue mugs, and every appendage to the nursery were discarded.) "Maria, will never be too old to contribute to your amusement, Louisa," said Mrs. Bartlett;

"but she will not have so much time for recreation now as she used to have, because you know her occupations will be of more importance; a larger portion of her time will be required in the improvement of her mind, but when the hours of study and work are expired, a game of play with you will afford her as much enjoyment now as it formerly did; because I am sure she will always find a pleasure in making you happy." "How much older are you than Emma?" said Augustus, addressing his elder sister. "I was fourteen last September, brother," replied Maria; "and I," said Emma, "shall be thirteen next April." "The difference then, does not much exceed a year," observed Mrs. Selvyn; "I almost forget your age, Augustus," she continued, looking earnestly at him as she spoke. "I shall be twelve ma'am, on Monday next, and Edwin will be ten on the following Saturday." "Yes, we shall have two holidays, in one week," said Louisa, in an animated tone — "how delightful! I wish my birth day was next week also."

"When is your birth day, my love?" enquired Mrs. Selvyn. "In August, ma'am." "And then," rejoined Mr. Bartlett, "our little Louisa will be seven years of age."

The children now gave Maria an account of the manner in which they had passed several of their birth days, during the time of their separation; and Maria had begun to describe how she had spent her last, when Betty appeared at the door, to enquire if Miss Louisa was ready for her attendance.

The conversation being thus unseasonably interrupted, Emma entreated her sister to postpone her account until the morrow, that Louisa might hear the conclusion.

Mrs. Bartlett observed, that it was time for Edwin to retire also.

When Edwin and Louisa had left the room, Augustus invited his sister, Maria, to accompany him to the library; saying, he had several new things to shew her, especially a pair of handsome globes, that had been presented to him by his grandpapa. Emma went with them. When Maria's curiosity was satisfied, Augustus opened the glass door which led into the garden, and observing that the rain had ceased, and that the evening appeared very fine, he asked them how they should like a walk by moonlight.

"I want to shew you a famous swing," said he, "tha t Edwin and I put up this morning in the old barn behind the laurel walk. Come, sister Maria, accept my arm; Emma, you take the other, and let us go in grand procession."

"Not to night, I thank you," said Emma, withdrawing her hand, which Augustus had jestingly taken through his arm.

"I think we had better defer such an expedition until the morning," added Maria.

Augustus smilingly observed, "that he always wished to pay a due deference to the opinions of his elders:" and without one word of chagrin at this little disappointment, he conducted the young ladies to the parlour fire.

Mrs. Bartlett laid down her work as they entered; and their papa, closing the book he had been reading, held out a hand to each beloved daughter, and drawing them to him gave them the kiss of paternal affection; while Augustus, seating himself near his mother and aunt, joined in their conversation, with a diffidence of manner particularly pleasing, and so opposite to that arrogant forwardness which is visible in some young

gentlemen of his age, but which is the characteristic of a vain and shallow understanding.

The conversation, good humoured, intelligent, and animating, was at length broken up; as the fatigue of the journey rendered it necessary for Maria and her aunt to retire to their respective apartments, somewhat earlier than usual.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Emma and Louisa arose at their usual hour; and thinking it probable that Maria was unaccustomed to rise so early, they agreed to tap at her door in their way to the school-room.

Maria, habituated to her aunt's late hours, had almost forgotten the regulations of Chesnut Grove; she, therefore, felt rather surprised at being called so early; nevertheless, determined for once to conquer her indolent inclinations, she hastily arose, and soon joined her sisters in the school-room. She found them engaged in learning their morning tasks, but at the moment she entered, the breakfast bell summoned them to the parlour.

Mr. Bartlett, read a portion of the sacred scriptures, and engaged in prayer with his family, every night and morning.

At first, Mrs. Selvyn felt inclined to ridicule this practice, as methodistical; but the impressive manner in which Mr. Bartlett performed the duty, made her thoughtful: she entered into the spirit of the prayer with sincerity, and afterwards told her sister that she believed she should often recall the proceedings of that morning to her recollection with feelings of peculiar pleasure.

After breakfast, Mrs. Bartlett and her daughters withdrew to the school-room. Augustus and Edwin spent a few hours every morning with Mr. Cameron, a clergyman, who resided at a short distance from the Grove. This gentleman was an intimate friend of Mr. Bartlett's. As he devoted the greatest part of his mornings to the superintendence of his son's studies, he thought he should not be expending any more time if he gave Augustus and Edwin a few lessons also. He communicated his idea to Mr. Bartlett, who accepted his proposal with the sincerest pleasure; but both gentlemen agreed to *finish* the education of their sons at some respectable academy: convinced, that by such a course, they would sooner obtain a knowledge of the world, and would be enabled to enter upon it with a better preparation to undergo its vicissitudes, than if they had never quitted the paternal roof, or experienced the little hardships of a school.

Mrs. Selvyn and Mrs. Cameron had formerly been intimately acquainted; Mrs. Selvyn, therefore, offered to accompany the boys in their walk, and resolved to spend the remainder of the morning at the work-table of her old friend.

The two youngest Miss Bartletts commenced their avocations in their usual manner; and Maria employed herself in finishing a purse that she had begun to net for her father.

When Mrs. Bartlett had completed her instructions to her younger daughters, she sent them into an adjoining room, to practise a duet, that she might have an opportunity of conversing with Maria alone. She wished to ascertain the progress she had made in the cultivation of her mind, and form a plan to facilitate her further improvement. Judge, then, of the grief and surprise of this anxious parent, when she found her little girl totally destitute of that knowledge she deemed the most essential; but Mrs. Bartlett was not one of those fine ladies who sit and weep over misfortunes. It is true that she felt greatly distressed, but she resolved to make the best of a trouble that could not now be obviated.

For some moments she was silent, considering

and reconsidering what plan to pursue; at length she determined to suspend Maria's studies for that day, and communicate to Mr. Bartlett the unpleasing intelligence.

Mr. Bartlett entered into his wife's feelings, and partook of the disappointment in an equal degree. They both of them, however, agreed, that instead of spending the time in useless regret, they would do all that lay in their power to remedy the evil.

They did not enter upon any plan without a proper share of deliberation; and the result of their reflections was, that Maria's studies should at first be confined to three or four of the simplest nature. Mr. Bartlett had some little difficulty in carrying this point.

"We must take care," said he "not to overburden our dear child's mind."

"True," replied Mrs. Bartlett, "but as she will have so many things to learn, I think we must begin by teaching her a *little* of every thing: by this means her understanding will become gradually enlightened, and she will not be completely ignorant on any subject of which we wish her to acquire a knowledge."

"By following such a plan, my love," rejoined Mr. Bartlett, "we shall be giving our child a superficial idea of every thing, while we shall not leave it in her power to gain a real knowledge of any thing."

"But, at her age," resumed the too anxious mother, "there is not a sufficiency of time for her to obtain a knowledge on one distinct branch of her studies, before she proceeds to the next."

"But, according to your plan, my dear," continued Mr. Bartlett, "it would be *impossible* for her to glean a knowledge of *any* subject. You must remember, the human mind is incapable of receiving a great many things *at once*; and the mind of Maria, from its having been so long neglected, is rendered particularly incapacitated for such an exertion of its powers. I feel convinced, Caroline, that if we inflict too much on her memory, we shall defeat our own purposes, and render our poor child a superficial conceited simpleton. You say there are not years sufficient for her to cultivate a knowledge of every distinct subject. It is true, that life itself would not afford time enough to gain a *complete* knowledge of any thing: progressive improvements will be always making in every science; but

to attain that degree of knowledge requisite for her station and her sex, I think she has an adequate portion of time remaining. She is only fourteen years of age, and if life and health be spared, she has yet several years that may be devoted exclusively to improvement. You know, neither of us approve of a very early introduction of young women into general society; consequently, the education of our daughters will be suspended to a longer period than modern opinions will allow."

"I begin to see my error," replied Mrs. Bartlett; "and since I must acknowledge myself a convert to your opinion, will you point out the particular studies you wish Maria immediately to commence?"

"Most willingly; and in the first place I think it necessary to premise, that it will be advisable to take a retrogade step: we must put her back to the studies suitable to a girl of twelve years of age; we must consider the last two years as lost to the purposes of education. But to proceed to the different branches of her instructions.

"She can already write a neat and legible hand, but it will admit of great improvement; let this,

then, be attended to, as it possesses *of itself* many advantages, and may also help to form a habit of neatness and correctness in other things. From you, my dear, I have learned to place a great value on the pleasing qualifications of neatness and order. I see them so happily introduced and so admirably carried on throughout all your proceedings, that I cannot tell you how much I wish every possible assistant to be given our children for their attainment.

"In the next place, let her make a considerable progress in arithmetic; this is a sober acquirement, that in after life may be of great service to her, and *now* it will give her a habit of fixing her attention.

"Let great pains be taken to make her mistress of her native language. It is a desirable thing to be able to speak and write correctly; and I should be sorry if either of our daughters were deficient in so necessary a qualification.

"From geography and history she may derive much valuable information; they will give her an insight into the transactions and manners of men; may lead her to form some idea of the corruption of human nature; and, as an amiable

writer somewhere observes, may turn the attention to the goodness of that Providence who has presided over all events, and who has supplied each particular climate with the products most suitable to the wants of its inhabitants.

"These five simple studies—writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history—are as many, I think, as she can properly manage at present: let these be diversified by recreations of an animating kind. Music will prove a sweet refreshment for the mind, and gardening a healthy exercise for the body."

"My ideas precisely accord with yours," replied Mrs. Bartlett, "but may I ask how you intend introducing fresh studies to her?"

"That is a matter of future consideration; nevertheless, if we meditate for a moment, we may in some measure anticipate the course that it will be advisable to adopt.

"One study must follow another, in its proper order: for instance, when she has attained a tolerable proficiency in writing, she may indulge her taste (if she has any) in drawing.

"When she is become a good accomptant, she may take a little insight into algebra.

"As soon as she understands her own language, she may commence upon the French and Italian.

"When she has gone through a regular course of history and geography, she may be introduced to the studies of astronomy, botany, and natural philosophy: these studies ought to lead her to contemplate, in a very high degree, the wisdom and power of her CREATOR. But, my beloved Caroline, let us not forget that after all, our Maria may become a proficient in these things, and may yet be as *sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.* While labouring to enrich her understanding, let us also endeavour to cultivate her temper—while bestowing opportunities for the acquisition of elegant accomplishments, let us likewise teach her those things that will adorn her character as a woman. Since *home* is, or at least ought to be, the sphere of a woman's actions, you must, my Caroline, teach her to excel in each endearing domestic duty. But, above all things, let us offer up our united prayers, that the ALMIGHTY will infuse into her soul right principles of RELIGION; and then, when piety becomes the chief ornament of her cha-

racter, *our daughter* will indeed *be as a corner-stone polished after the similitude of a palace.*"

CHAPTER IV.

The day following this conversation, Mrs. Bartlett commenced her instructions to Maria in the manner her husband had recommended.

She pointed out to her the advantages resulting from a good education; she made her sensible that she had hitherto learned very little, which was worth learning; and exhorted her to apply to her different studies with unwearied diligence.

"The last two years, my dear," said she, "must be considered as a blank; but remember, you have the work of four to perform in the succeeding two."

Poor Maria felt deeply mortified; but whilst she regretted the past, she resolved to make the most of the future. She promised to learn every thing that her mother wished her, and com-

menced the performance of her promise by unparalleled application to the tasks before her.

When the business of the morning was over, she sat down to the piano, and never did the most delightful composition afford her a gratification so sweet, as did the simple air she now chanced to take up. Her mind, fatigued by unusual exertion, was soothed and refreshed; and as Mrs. Bartlett entered the room, she exclaimed,

"Dear mamma, what a sweet recreation is music, after so many long hours of study!"

"I am very glad to hear you make such an observation," replied her mother, "because it shews that you have this morning experienced the superior pleasure that results from amusement, when preceded by labour or study; at such times *only* are amusements allowable: they then become the sweeteners of life, and if pursued with moderation, add greatly to our felicity. During the short time I can allow for your music, I wish you, Maria, to take every pains with it. When you can play with ease to yourself, you will find music a sweet embellishment to the hours of retirement, and it will be a source of much pleasure to your family; but as you know

I am no advocate for a great deal of time being expended on a mere amusement, I would advise you to conquer one tune before you attempt another: you will thus be enabled to *play a few* with execution, which will surely be preferable to your *strumming* a great number indifferently."

"May I ask you, mamma, what kind of style you prefer? I know masters very much differ in their opinions on this point; some think a flourishing style gives the most agreeable effect, while others prefer that of the soft and gentle."

"It depends entirely on the piece you are playing; some airs require a degree of animation to render them pleasing, but in general I would recommend a soothing gentle style, in opposition to rant and show."

"In looking over Emma's collection of music, I found very few songs. Does she not like songs, mamma?"

"Not very much, I believe," answered Mrs. Bartlett. "I have endeavoured, my dear, to direct her taste to those beautiful combinations of sounds that are full of dignity, and that are capable of inspiring elevated and delightful ideas.

without any of that mixture of nonsense and *insipidity* conspicuous in the generality of songs."

"But, mamma, if the words are unexceptionable, you do not then disapprove them?"

"If the words have any moral tendency, or if they imply some of the grand imagery of poetry, untainted with any thing light or silly, I approve of them in a very high degree."

"The 'Original Poems,' mamma, are very pretty, when set to music."

"By original poems, my dear, I suppose you mean a little work written by the authors of 'Hymns for Infant Minds?'"

"I do, mamma."

"They are very pretty indeed, I have listened to Emma with peculiar emotion, when she has sang that beautiful little poem, entitled 'My Mother.' If you confine your songs to little innocent pieces, similar to this, they will serve to refine and harmonize your thoughts, and will excite a love of virtue, at the same time they

are affording an innocent recreation. On proper occasions, my love, I hope you will not be backward in supplying your papa and myself with a strain of melody, more exalted and delightful even than that derivable from the little pieces to which we have just alluded—I mean the diviner strains of sacred music! These will raise our souls beyond the regions of this lower world; these will fill our hearts with heavenly rapture; and, if we join in concert, will prove a sort of foretaste to those joys reserved above, for those who delight in praising their Maker here below."

"I have heard, mamma, that some pious people object to sacred music, and that they even disapprove of *singing* being introduced in congregational worship."

"I have heard so, too, Maria; but I could never see the force of their objection. In the SACRED SCRIPTURES we read, that JESUS sang a hymn with his disciples before he went up to the Mount of Olives; and so long as we have *his example* to justify a practice, you know there cannot remain a doubt on the subject."

"Thank you, mamma, for this hint; I do not think I shall ever forget it."

"Let his example ever be your pattern—but to return, my dear, for a moment, to the music. I cannot help expressing my surprise that you are not capable of playing better than you do, since you have bestowed so much time on learning."

"Oh! I grew so tired of the piano, mamma, that aunt was kind enough to let me take lessons on the harp; but when I had taken them six months, I found that the harp was too difficult for me, so I gave it up, and returned to the piano; but I had scarcely a piece that I could play, for during the six months I had forgotten them all."

"Your aunt, my dear, indulged you a great deal too much. I am sorry you should have requested such a favour of her—it has betrayed fickleness of disposition—let me never see an instance of it again. By following the dictates of a roving fancy, you will lose your time, and improve in nothing."

At this moment, a servant announced that dinner was ready.

Maria, Emma, and Augustus, were permitted to partake this meal with their father and mother;

and when the cloth was removed, Mr. Bartlett generally introduced some amusing or instructive conversation, in which they were accustomed to join, when no company were present.

"A large quantity of snow has fallen since the morning," observed he, "and I am glad of it, because it will be of great service to the trees and plants."

"Of great service, papa?" said Emma, with a look of inquiry.

"Yes, my dear; although you, perhaps, imagine that its cold and dampness will prove injurious."

"Yes, papa; of what utility can it possibly be?"

"The observers of nature inform us, that the snow proves to be the best shelter the plants can possibly have from the cold."

"This is somewhat surprising," remarked Mrs. Bartlett, "but in the operations of nature there is always something to excite our astonishment."

"And to awake our gratitude," added Mr. Bartlett; "the providence of God is ever work-

ing for our benefits. The snow, by remaining a long while on the earth, assists its fertility; it penetrates beneath its surface, and supplies it with a proper degree of moisture."

The children were silent for a few minutes, as if meditating on this last observation of their father's; at length Augustus resumed the conversation, by inquiring if Snowdon derived its appellation from the circumstance of snow remaining a considerable time on its summit.

"Such is the general belief," answered Mr. Bartlett, "and I think it has a good foundation. I once visited it in the month of August, and observed large quantities of snow among its massy crags."

"What time did it take you, papa, to ascend this lofty mountain?" inquired Maria.

"Two hours of very severe labour were scarcely sufficient to effect our purpose. Snowdon, you know, is the highest mountain of the three kingdoms. When you have gained the summit, you stand on a precipice (not more than two yards over) three thousand five hundred and sixty-eight feet above the level of Cærnarvon Quay."

"I hope, papa, that your toil, and the terror of being placed in such a perilous situation, were well repaid?" said Emma.

"Our labour and fatigue seemed at first but very imperfectly requited. We were completely involved in clouds, and our sight could not penetrate three yards beyond us; the cold was intense; and in this uncomfortable situation we were obliged to remain for the space of a quarter of an hour. At length the clouds quitted the mountain, and we were presented with one of the most beautiful spectacles the imagination can form. This was no other than a rainbow and its counter arch, a considerable way beneath us. Our guide told us that it was an uncommon sight, and that he knew persons who had been waiting for many years with the hope of seeing it, but had never been gratified, although they had visited the mountain many times with the expectation.

"The prospect from the mountain is unbounded. The cliffs of Ireland, and the little Isle of Man, are striking features. You have an extensive view over Chester, Wrexham, and Salop; in another direction, the neighbourhood round Clifton, Pembrokeshire, St. David's, and Swansea. Upon

the whole, the picture is very grand and striking, and fills the mind with sensations of indescribable awe."

"The mountainous scenery of Wales is in general very grand and picturesque, is it not, papa?" asked Emma.

"Very much so, indeed, my dear. Among many instances of the sort, I think I shall never forget one that occurs about seven miles from Cernioge. The vale is deep and narrow, bordered on both sides by thick trees, through which the little river Glymn follows its meandering course; clear and gentle, it winds through the valley, and then assumes a different aspect: suddenly entering a bed of disjoined crags, it boils fiercely over them, and rushes between the rocks, till it reaches a lofty arch. Under this, the foaming waters fall into a deep rocky gully, where they are obscured by the overhanging trees. The rocks, the cataract, and the lofty hills, together with the luxuriance of the towering woods, present a picture that must excite rapture, even in the coldest breast."

As Mr. Bartlett finished speaking, a letter was brought in, the purport of which was to invite

the whole family to a little concert, which a lady in the neighbourhood was going to give, in celebration of the birth day of her eldest daughter.

"Will you permit us to go, mamma?" said Emma, rather timidly.

"It will depend entirely upon yourselves, my love," replied Mrs. Bartlett; "if your conduct during the intervening time is such as will give me satisfaction, I shall feel great pleasure in taking you and Maria. Your brothers and Louisa are at present too young to be introduced to parties."

Mrs. Selvyn, who had remained silent during the greater part of their conversation, was now very eloquent in her commendations on these little assemblies. She said, her sister's conduct was most absurd in not permitting her three youngest children to partake of a pleasure so innocent. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, who always acted from principle, endeavoured to change the conversation, until they should have an opportunity of communicating their sentiments to her, in the absence of the children.

CHAPTER V.

The two following days, Maria and Emma exerted all their efforts to give their mother satisfaction. The business of the morning was performed with diligence; and the amusements of the evening were not clouded by any little fit of ill-humour, or self-will.

At length the wished-for day arrived: the slates, the books, the work, were hastily put in their places, that the young ladies might have time enough to get ready, and not keep their papa and mamma waiting. Emma was soon dressed, but poor Maria had scarcely a thing to put on: her Italian crape frock had been torn; she declared that she had never had an opportunity of mending it. One of her kid gloves was mislaid; and her coral necklace was unstrung. Mrs. Bartlett never allowed her children a superfluity of ornaments; consequently, Maria had now no resource, but to repair those she had in

the best manner she was able. Emma, accustomed to keep all her things in admirable order, was never put to any of these inconveniences. She truly sympathized with Maria, and did all in her power to rescue her out of her difficulties. She fresh-strung the beads, while Maria hastily darned the frock; but alas! all their united efforts proved of no avail—the carriage drove up to the door, but Maria was not ready. Mrs. Bartlett sent to inquire the reason, which having ascertained, she went up to her, and after seriously reprimanding her for her indolence and want of care, set off without her.

Emma had begged so earnestly to remain at home with her sister, that Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett consented; thinking that this deprivation of a sister's pleasure, would make a more sensible and lasting impression upon her, than if she had stayed at home alone.

Emma seemed to forget her own dissapointment in concern for her sister, and endeavoured, by every soothing and gentle attention, to restore her to her accustomed spirits; but poor Maria, overwhelmed with mortification, burst into tears, and continued inconsolable. Augustus, Edwin, and Louisa, partook of her sorrow, and did all

in their power to alleviate it. The evening, however, was a very melancholy one, and each child rejoiced as the hour of retirement drew near.

The next morning Mrs. Bartlett called Maria to her, and talked to her seriously on the faults she had detected in her on the preceding evening.

"I very much lament, Maria," said she, "to discover in you such a total want of order. I hope the punishment inflicted on you, yesterday, will prove beneficial to you through life. Order and regularity have so many advantages, that I assure you, it is almost impossible to cultivate them too sedulously. Indeed, order is said to be heaven's first law. To keep every thing in its proper place, and to do every thing in its proper time, are two rules, that I trust in future you will never forget. Had your frock and necklace been repaired a week ago, and had you put your gloves away carefully, you would have had the gratification of spending last evening with your old friends, the Misses Brampton; and Emma would not have been obliged to decline a pleasing invitation, for the sake of remaining at home with you."

Maria was much affected by this allusion to her sister's kindness. Mrs Bartlett perceived it; but, without making any remark, she thus proceeded:—

"*Let all things be done decently and in order*, is an apostolic precept, the observance of which is ever accompanied by a sense of inward satisfaction and composure; the happiness of families depends more upon the operation of this simple rule, than is readily *imagined.* To no purpose is a family possessed of every luxury and comfort, if this invaluable requisite be wanting. Domestic economy cannot be carried on without it; and, if destitute of the knowledge of this important science, the abundance of riches may be frittered away in thoughtless extravagance, and followed by the bitter sting of poverty, rendered doubly severe by the unpleasant reflection, that it was occasioned by a dereliction of duty."

This little exhortation made Maria very thoughtful; and as soon as her lessons were repeated, and her exercises written, she withdrew to her own room, where she sat down for some time in silent meditation. Then, suddenly rising, she emptied her drawers and boxes of all their contents, replaced them in the neatest order, and

resolved to be tidy for the future, let the sacrifice cost her what it might.

"To be orderly," said she, "is against my very nature; but my indolence and ease shall every day fall victims to order's shrine, until I become one of the most devoted of her followers."

In the afternoon, as they sat at work, Maria conveyed her gratitude to Emma for her kindness, in a very pretty manner. Emma declined the offered thanks, by saying, that she had done nothing more than her duty; but Maria, thankful for such a sincere proof of her sisterly affection, could not refrain from her expressions of gratitude, until Emma adroitly changed the subject of their discourse.

After talking about various things, Emma said,

"Well, this is Saturday afternoon. Papa says, that we should consider the Saturday evening as a preparation for the Sabbath: and he often desires us to read or repeat to him the advice of Chief Justice Hale."

"Have the goodness to repeat it now," said Maria.

After having given several rules of excellent advice to his children, he thus continues:—"I would not have you meddle with any recreations, pastimes, or ordinary works of your calling, from Saturday night, at eight o'clock, till Monday morning."

"I think he is somewhat strict in his requisitions," said Maria.

"I suppose he sets too high a value on the Sabbath, to admit of his parting with any of it," answered Emma. "I fear," said Maria, "we passed it very unprofitably at aunt Selvyn's. In what manner do you spend it here?"

"I trust, my dear sister, that it is the endeavour of each of us to spend it as Christians.—On the week days, papa and mamma require us to pursue those things that will render us useful and happy in this life. On Sundays, they assist us in promoting the improvement of our souls. On these days we have more important knowledge to seek: we have to acquaint ourselves with God, and be at peace."

"But, surely," said Maria, "this is equally our duty on the week days!"

"Undoubtedly it is," rejoined Emma, "but Sunday should be a day of uninterrupted devotion; as on this day we have no worldly concerns to interfere with our pursuit of spiritual improvement. Our GRACIOUS GOD has mercifully given us this day for this express purpose; and it is our bounden duty to use, and not abuse, the holy gift. As the Israelites of old were to gather a double portion of manna on the day preceding the Sabbath, we should so arrange, as to leave for the hallowed day as little secular business as possible."

At this moment Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, accompanied by Augustus, Edwin, and Louisa, entered the room; and as they had a great deal to relate respecting a visit they had been paying to some poor cottagers, the conversation of Maria and her sister was broken off.

The subject, however, was not hastily dismissed from Maria's mind; she continued to meditate upon it the greatest part of the evening. Alas! she mentally exclaimed, how have I passed my precious Sabbaths! May the ALMIGHTY enable me to spend those that may remain to his glory.

The next morning she arose at her usual hour,

and wishing to know how Emma and Louisa were accustomed to employ their time on the Sunday morning, she made them a visit in their apartment.

Little Louisa was standing near the window, with an open book in her hand. Emma was reading her Bible.

"Are you learning any lesson, Louisa?" said Maria.

"Yes, a hymn for the Sabbath morning."

"And you are studying the Bible, Emma?"

"Yes, my dear sister, I find it a good plan to read two chapters before I offer up my prayers; papa tells me it is a good preparation for the solemnities of the day."

"May I ask what part you are reading?"

"The epistle of St. James; should you like to read it with me?"

Maria accepted the offer, and placing the Sacred Volume between them, these two affec-

tionate sisters read, with deep attention, and much inward pleasure, the two first chapters of that beautiful epistle. Then closing the book, Emma knelt down, and after requesting Maria to do the same, prayed to the God of all mercies.

When they had risen from their knees, Emma observed that there would be time to read another chapter before breakfast. They re-opened the sacred page, and had read the third before the bell summoned them to family prayer.

After breakfast, the whole family went to church. It was a beautiful morning: the sun shone particularly warm for the season of the year; the snow which had fallen a few days before was now completely melted, and had made the roads exceedingly dirty; but it was quite pleasing to see how clean the little Bartletts contrived to keep their clothes; even Louisa, with the assistance of a pair of pattens, had scarcely dirtied her shoes.

When they were at church, Maria studied to maintain an undivided attention; and she returned home more edified by that single discourse, than by all the sermons she had heard during the last twelve months.

As they walked home, they took care to render the conversation as profitable as they could.

"Mamma has often told me," said Emma, "that we should either be silent in returning from church, or we should endeavour to assist the memories of one another, in treasuring up the sermon we have been hearing; because, if we suffer any foreign subject to take possession of our thoughts, before we review the impression that has been made upon our minds in the house of God, we are liable to forget the most valuable instructions we have received. And, as an assistance to our memories, she wishes us to commit to paper the principal things we can recollect. She has several books of her own, which she calls "Extracts from Sermons." She has headed each extract by the name of the clergyman from whose sermon it was taken, the day of the month, and the date of the year; she then proceeds to the text and sermon. I have endeavoured to imitate mamma's example; and though my extracts are written in a very inferior style to hers, yet I find them very useful—I have proved, by sweet experience, that they have been blessings to my soul: by them I have been enabled to remember some of the valuable instructions of our excellent minister, that otherwise I should have forgotten."

"My memory is so treacherous," said Maria, "I am fearful that an attempt of the sort would appear very ridiculous in me."

"As you would write exclusively for your own benefit," replied Emma, "it would not signify what other people thought of your production, provided that it contributed to your own improvement; besides, as the manuscript would certainly be of a private nature, you need not shew it to any one."

"Well," said Maria, "I will write down the little I can remember—hereafter it may prove of service to me."

"At first," resumed Emma, "you will find the practice rather difficult, but your memory will become strengthened by the exercise. One thing, however, we must keep in mind—*that of ourselves we can do nothing;* we must look up with humble confidence to HIM who has promised us his assistance and his blessing—who bestows the influences of his HOLY SPIRIT on them who pray for it; *to bring to their remembrance whatsoever he has said unto them.*"

By this time they had reached the garden

gate, which was held open by Edwin for them to pass. When they entered the house, they did not run immediately to the parlour fire, but walked quietly up stairs, to take off their bonnets and pelisses.

When they entered the parlour, they found their papa examining Augustus and Edwin, on the discourse they had been hearing. It wanted half an hour to dinner, so Emma fetched her book of extracts, and drawing a little table near the fire, commenced her Sunday's usual employment. Maria got a sheet of paper, and followed her example. Mrs. Bartlett heard Louisa read a chapter, and repeat the hymn she had learned in the morning—thus the half hour was spent profitably by them all.

At dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett took care that the conversation should be such as suited the day; and it was a conversation calculated to make them all happy, as well as good—cheerful, sensible, and innocent, but tempered with that sobriety that rendered it consistent with this command of the ALMIGHTY: *Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; not doing thine own ways, nor speaking thine own words.*

"Our speech," Mr. Bartlett sometimes observed, "is one of those distinguishing gifts that forms such an astonishing difference between us and the brute creation; and shall we not devote this noble faculty to the service of our Creator on his holy day?"

Agreeably to these sentiments, Mr. Bartlett accustomed himself to converse on a Sunday; more particularly on the goodness, the mercy, and the providence of GOD—on the character and example of the BLESSED REDEEMER—on the divine precepts and precious promises of the Bible—on the glorious blessings of redemption and grace—and on all those delightful subjects that afford the sincerest pleasure to a heart properly regulated; to a heart that has its Maker for its sovereign, and his glory for the spring and end of all its impulses.

For some time past, Augustus and Emma had endeavoured to make themselves useful in a neighbouring Sunday school. On this day Maria, at her own request, was introduced to the ladies who attended there. She did not go with the view of instructing the children, but of becoming acquainted with the plan the school adopted; as she very justly conceived, that next to the

preparation of her own mind, a knowledge of the rules would be one of the best qualifications she could possibly have for becoming an instructress. Emma and the other ladies were very pressing in their solicitations for her to commence teaching that afternoon; but she had now began to entertain a very humble opinion of herself: she doubted her competency for the task, and therefore continued firm in her refusal. Feeling assured that such an undertaking ought not to be entered upon without deliberation, she resolved to make it a subject of serious thought.

When they got home, they found their papa and mamma, with the rest of the little family, returned from church. Edwin and Louisa drew their chairs a little backwards, to make room for them at the fire; and an edifying and delightful conversation engaged the time, till after tea.

When they had repeated their hymns and catechisms, (which they did every Sunday evening,) they each selected a text from the Bible, and wrote it neatly in a little book: these texts they arranged under distinct heads, according to their subject; so they had a little collection of rules and doctrines on each particular duty, to which they might refer when they pleased.

As Maria, Emma, and Augustus, had not had the benefit of the afternoon sermon, Mr. Bartlett indulged them by reading one of the Rev. J. Thornton's "Addresses to Young People."

Thus passed the sacred day; *to them* a day of profit and of peace.

Reader, do you spend *your* Sabbaths in a manner as profitable? The question is a plain one; dismiss it not, until your conscience has answered it with sincerity. Remember, we must hereafter give an account for every Sabbath we have been permitted to enjoy; and shall the day the LORD has blessed be squandered away in doing nothing? The period is hastening when the means of grace will not be within our reach—when we may cry unto the LORD, but he will not answer—when we may say, Oh! that it were with me as in the times that are past, when I had an opportunity of seeking the LORD in his sanctuary. Reader, improve the present season: forget not that *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of SALVATION.

CHAPTER VI.

Long before the day had began to dawn, little Louisa was impatient to get up, that she might congratulate her brother Augustus on the return of his birth day.

"Come, Emma," said she, "let us make haste to dress ourselves, that we may be in the school room before Augustus."

"Go to sleep, my dear, it is about the middle of the night," replied Emma.

"No, no, you certainly mistake, sister Emma, I have been awake a long time."

"No matter, Louisa, it is not morning yet."

"Emma, do you forget what day it is?" continued the little prattler.

"To-morrow is Augustus's birth day; but this is Sunday night."

Poor Louisa, finding she could extort nothing more from the sleepy Emma, relinquished the attempt, and again closing her eyes, she fell into a second slumber.

At an early hour all the children arose, and hastened in high spirits to the school room, where they amused themselves till breakfast time.

After breakfast, Augustus withdrew with his papa to the library, and a serious examination of the last year's proceedings took place.

The copy-books, ciphering-books, and exercises, had been previously sent for from Mr. Cameron's, and Mr. Bartlett now compared them with those of the preceding year, which had been carefully preserved for the purpose. He was much pleased by the progress his son had made, and his approving smile was the best reward Augustus could receive for his year's application.

"I do not wish you, my dear boy," said Mr. Bartlett, "to do any thing that relates to your duty, with the hope of gain. The highest reward you can ever receive is the approbation of your own breast, and the reflection, that your

meritorious conduct has occasioned your parents one of the dearest pleasures that the heart is capable of enjoying. Believing, then, that the testimony of your own conscience bestows on you the first recompence, and assuring you that I deem you most justly entitled to the second, I will not offer you any little present, under the name of reward; but as it is your birth day, I present you this new edition of the "History of England," and these eight volumes of "Rollin's Ancient History," as a token of my affection for you; and as a course of reading that I wish you to engage in during the ensuing year. Here is also a guinea, which I add to your pocket-money, to be expended in any manner you please."

The grateful heart of Augustus was so much affected by his father's kindness and commendations, that he threw his arms around his neck, and sobbed aloud.

Mr. Bartlett pressed his beloved son to his bosom, and at that moment felt himself the happiest individual in the world.

"This day," said he, "you are twelve years of age; Oh! my boy, may you cause your father

the same thrilling transports of delight on the day you are twenty."

"Dear papa, that is a long time to look forward."

"It is so, Augustus, and I think I may add, the intervening time is the most important of your life. It is the time to plough up the fallow ground; to root out the weeds of sin, and implant the seeds of virtue. If all this be done, we shall, on your twentieth birth day, experience a pleasure equal to the present; or, should our earthly pilgrimage be terminated, we shall enjoy the fruits of our labour in the paradise above!"

Mr. Bartlett now arose from his seat, and left Augustus to look over the books alone.

After having examined the binding, and looked at the title pages, he called his brother and sisters to come and see them.

"How handsomely they are bound," observed Maria.

"Do let me look at that pretty picture," ex-

claimed Louisa, "why really, I think it is Julius Cæsar, crossing the little river—it must certainly be a picture of the very circumstance that Emma read to us last week; what was the name of the river, sister?"

"The Rubicon."

"O yes! the Rubicon, so it was. Will you let me look at all the pictures, Augustus?"

"Another day I will, but now I have something else to shew you."

"Something else, what can it be?" said Edwin and Louisa, at once.

Augustus now produced his guinea, and requested their advice as to his manner of expending it.

"Buy some fire-works," said Edwin, "and let them off this evening."

"No, no," cried Emma, "keep it, and spend it by degrees, as you may have occasion."

"Well," said Augustus, after a silence of some

moments, "I think I will appropriate five shillings to the fire-works, and five shillings I will lay by, as Emma advises; the remaining eleven will purchase two pair of shoes, which I will give to poor William Jones and his sister Mary: they have no father, you know, to work for them, and their mother is in an ill state of health. The distance is very great for them to come to the Sunday school, and the shoes they have now are so worn, that the stones can easily work their way through them, and must sadly bruise their little feet."

They unanimously agreed that his benevolent plan was a good one, and inquired when he would put it into execution.

"The morning is very fine," said he, "if any of you will accompany me, I will walk over to the village at once; we can order our shoemaker to measure the children, and can also get the fire-works. Holidays, you know, do not occur every day; therefore, as a proof of wisdom, we will make the most of them when they do."

"Agreed," said Edwin, and away he ran to ask his mamma's permission.

She gave her consent, and the happy little party set off in high spirits. They enjoyed their walk, but returned as soon as they could, because some of their young friends were expected to dinner.

Maria, Emma, and Louisa, were just dressed, when they saw the Misses Brampton's carriage drive up the avenue.

"The Misses Brampton will be here directly, my dears," said Mrs. Bartlett, as she entered her daughters' apartment, "and as they are your visitors, I wish you to go down to the drawing room, and receive them yourselves; at present I shall be engaged, but will come to you as soon as I can."

"But, my dear mamma, I am totally unacquainted with the manner of receiving company," said Maria, "my aunt seldom allowed me to come in, before the dessert; consequently I had not an opportunity of seeing her receive them: and then I am so young, I do not know what I ought to say to them."

"Refinement of manners, my dear, is a pleasing qualification," answered Mrs. Bartlett, "and it

is very discernable in our way of receiving visitors; but as these young ladies are old acquaintances, I should be sorry if you received them with an air of formality. You will naturally feel glad to see them after so long an absence, you may therefore express that you are so, and when you have inquired after the health of their papa and mamma, the weighty affair is over."

So saying, Mrs. Bartlett smiled, and departed.

The young ladies then went down to the drawing room, and received the Misses Brampton and their other guests in a very becoming manner. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett were present at dinner; after which, Mrs. Bartlett desired Maria to reconduct her young friends to the drawing room, where they might amuse themselves without any interruption.

Maria asked them what amusement they should prefer. Some of the party proposed a game at cross-questions. Their tea, the piano, and a pack of historical conversation cards, engaged the time till half-past eight o'clock. Augustus then exhibited his fire-works, which concluded this day of innocent hilarity.

During the ensuing week the children paid great attention to their studies, and in every respect gave their kind parents satisfaction. Maria finished netting her papa's purse; and Emma, in addition to her usual lessons, conquered a very difficult piece of music, which she entirely learned by herself, out of school hours.

Saturday was Edwin's birth day, and it was ushered in with a welcome as cordial as Augustus's had been on the preceding Monday.

The result, however, of Edwin's examination, was not quite so pleasing as Augustus's. The improvements he had made during the past year were not so striking; and in perusing the journal that was always kept of the children's conduct, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett found several faults of an important nature written against poor Edwin. These they read to him, and after exhorting him to avoid a repetition of the crimes, they freely forgave him.

This method of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett's had always a good effect upon the children: they were not apt to forget the errors that had been pointed out to them on their birth days, and their anxiety to prevent a recurrence of them on the fol-

lowing year, often deterred them from falling into them.

Edwin sincerely promised amendment, and was dismissed from the presence of his parents with many expressions of affection, and a handsome set of new books; half a guinea was also added to his pocket-money.

In imitation of Augustus, he wished to devote a part of it to the purposes of benevolence; and inviting the company of his sisters to the village, he requested them to buy something useful, for him to give to some poor child of their neighbourhood. The sisters agreed that it would be best to buy a few yards of cotton print.

"The money that Edwin has given us," said Emma, "will be enough to buy two frocks."

The print was purchased, and directly they got home Emma cut out the frocks, and they began to make them. This little operation devolved upon *Emma*, because Maria was *incapable* of performing it. She could work a flounce, but could not cut out a frock. The plan of her education had been to learn and to prefer the ornamental before the useful.

A little party came to dinner; in the evening Mrs. Selvyn played some lively tunes to them on the piano, and several of the young ladies joined in singing some pretty airs that Mrs. Bartlett had selected for them.

As Mrs. Selvyn sat at the instrument, entertaining them all by her amazing execution and delightful manner of playing, Mr. Bartlett observed to his wife, "What a pleasing woman her sister might have been, had she but added the *one thing needful* to all these showy accomplishments."

"Poor thing! ejaculated Mrs. Bartlett, "we must attribute her failings to the defects of her education. Since she has had the benefit of your conversation, I really believe she has began to form different opinions on several subjects."

"If she has so, the merit, Caroline, is wholly yours. I must disclaim it, upon the ground of having no just title to it."

Mrs. Bartlett persisted in her first assertion, and the altercation did not terminate until it was interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Selvyn herself. When she arose from the piano, the chil-

dren manifested a wish to amuse themselves with some curious puzzles and dissected maps, that Augustus had previously shewn them.

The remainder of the evening passed off very pleasantly. The little Bartletts were sorry to wish their young friends good night, and they in their turn expressed their surprise at the lateness of the hour, declaring that the day had passed exceedingly quick.

CHAPTER VII.

MARIA continued her studies with an astonishing diligence, but it was at the expense of much self-command. She often felt weary of the business in which she was engaged, and would sometimes cast an anxious look at the dial, to see if the hours of school were nearly expired; but the remembrance of her mamma's advice instantaneously recalled her to a sense of duty, and the delightful hope of deserving *her* approbation inspired her with fresh energy. When attempting to learn a difficult page of grammar, or harassed by a perplexing sum, she felt an inclination to lay them down, she conquered the impulse by the exhilarating reflection, "If I overcome them, I shall give pleasure to my dear mamma." If her exercises had been better written than usual, her mother's praises threw a gleam of cheerfulness over her mind, which was not obscured for many hours.

In this manner had six weeks passed; no particular circumstance had occurred to cause any variety in the family, when Mrs. Selvyn talked of leaving. Mr. Bartlett, concerned for her lonely situation in a country so far distant from her sister, who was the only near relative she had, earnestly pressed her to take a house near theirs. At first she hesitated, feeling a reluctance at leaving her fashionable acquaintances; but as she had now began to prefer the more solid and rational society of her brother and sister, she soon overcame this trifling objection; and leaving Chesnut Grove in the beginning of January, she determined to dispose of her house and furniture, and return to her brother again in the early part of the summer.

Maria loved her too-indulgent aunt, and felt very sorry when she was gone: had her mamma suffered her to give vent to her feelings, not a lesson or book would have been looked at. She stood at the window till the carriage was out of sight, then, bursting into tears, she exclaimed,

"She is gone! perhaps I may never see her again!"

"Most likely you will, my dear," said Mrs.

Bartlett, "do not cry; come to the fire, and prepare your geographical exercise; it will amuse your mind, and I shall soon be ready to correct it."

"Indeed mamma," replied Maria, "you must allow me to work this morning, instead of doing my usual lessons, for really I feel too unhappy to attend to them."

"Maria," answered her mother, "I am perfectly astonished at your hesitation in obeying my commands; besides, do you not know that it is wrong to suffer any little trouble of this sort to prey upon your mind in such a way as to occasion a neglect of your duties? If all our lives are spared, you will see your aunt again in the summer; then wherefore all this unnecessary grief?"

In this way Mrs. Bartlett talked to Maria, until she had convinced her of her faults—first, in disobeying her commands—and secondly, in too great an indulgence of her feelings. "Susceptibility, if carried too far," said she, "becomes a crime, and I wish you to guard against it."

Maria acknowledged her fault, entreated her

mamma's forgiveness, and resuming her studies with a composed countenance, she soon displayed the same ardent application as she had done before.

One evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett were sitting alone, Mrs. Bartlett said,

"I think, my dear, in the course of time our Maria will become every thing we wish her. I am delighted to observe that she retains all her former docility; that notwithstanding the neglect she has lately experienced, her temper is yet humble and submissive."

"We must attribute this, my dear Caroline, to the blessing of GOD upon our early instructions. We find his gracious promise verified in Maria—*Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.* I do not think it is possible to commence the business of instruction too early. It is not so easy to incline the tree as to bend the twig. If the seeds of virtue and goodness are implanted as soon as reason begins to dawn, they will vegetate with the growth of the child; and as its understanding expands, the plant of religion will flourish and increase; and provided it is duly watered

and well cultured, it will in time bring forth an abundant harvest. The hideous heads of vice, too, may sometimes be cut off in their very bud, and thus prevent a multiplicity of future crimes and miseries. The sallies of a passionate temper will become less strong and less frequent, if they meet with early and repeated mortifications, and if bad dispositions are checked as soon as they begin to appear. Is it unreasonable to hope that their places will be occupied by dispositions of an opposite nature?"

"Such, I think, would be the natural consequence," replied Mrs. Bartlett, "and while we are endeavouring to subdue evil propensities, we are in fact preparing the heart for the reception of virtuous affections."

"The intellects too, as well as the heart," continued Mr. Bartlett, "ought to engage our assiduous attention. The ALMIGHTY has bestowed on man a soul capable of learning an infinite variety of things; but when it comes into the world, it is in a state of ignorance, and unless proper knowledge be inculcated, it will soon amass a large store of that which is unprofitable. It is, therefore, the bounden duty of parents and teachers to be very careful in *what* knowledge

they set before children. This was Maria's disadvantage: when she was at a distance from us, her studies were ill chosen; consequently her mind is a desert, but her heart is yet the seat of many good affections, because *proper* principles were early implanted there."

At this moment a ring at the hall door proclaimed the arrival of some visitors; and in a few minutes Mr. Mrs. and Miss Wellington were announced.

Mr. Wellington was a good-looking man, of about twenty-seven years of age; and his wife an elegant woman, a few years younger. Miss Wellington, their sister, was about twenty-one. She was rather *genteel* than beautiful, her manners were engaging, and remarkable for their diffidence and artlessness.

When the usual compliments had passed, Mr. Wellington said,

"Mrs. Wellington and Julia have brought their work, and if you are perfectly disengaged, we will spend the evening with you."

"Nothing could have given us greater plea-

sure," replied Mr. Bartlett. "Caroline and myself have been quite alone since dinner, and for the last half hour we have been discussing the merits of education."

"Ah! that must be a pleasing theme *to you*," rejoined Mr. Wellington, "we see it so admirably exemplified in the behaviour of your children, that we sometimes wonder what plan you go upon."

"A very simple one," said Mr. Bartlett; "we endeavour to make our children understand the difference between right and wrong, and exact their obedience to the one, while we inculcate their abhorrence of the other."

"Yes, to you, Mr. Bartlett, this may be an easy task; you are particularly fortunate in the tempers of your children. I have observed that they do not give you one particle of trouble."

Mr. Bartlett smiled, and was going to reply, when Mrs. Wellington took up the thread of the discourse.

"They have all, by nature," said she," such sweet dispositions, goodness appears to be inter-

woven with their very constitution. Our little boy, on the contrary, has a most unhappy temper: his spirit is so high, that he completely manages *me*, and I question if he does not, some time or other, become more than a match for his papa."

"Of course you are only jesting," said Mrs. Bartlett, "but yet, if the disposition of your son be any thing similar to the account you have given us, I think you ought to take it in hand in time, otherwise you will find a difficulty in managing him."

"I assure you, Mrs. Bartlett, I do every thing in my power to correct him; not a day passes but I scold as much as any body."

"Yes, she does indeed," said Mr. Wellington, "and sometimes my little Emily gets into such a pet, that I am obliged to interfere between them, and scarcely know whose part to take—hers or my boy's."

"Of course you never take his in the presence of his mother?" interrupted Mr. Bartlett.

"What not if I think her on the wrong side?"

"Certainly not; any thing that tends to diminish the authority of a parent, must prove injurious to the welfare of the child. When once your authority is lost, you will find it very difficult to ensure obedience."

"O! as for ensuring obedience," said Mrs. Wellington, "it is entirely out of my power, he will not mind one word that I say to him."

"And unless you take every pains to correct him now," rejoined Mr. Bartlett, "believe me, my dear friends, it is most likely that he will always continue incorrigible. In the course of my life I have been witness of much unhappiness, that might have been prevented by a proper culture of the temper and mind in the days of childhood. Among many instances, one, that made a forcible impression upon me when I was quite a young man, now occurs to my recollection."

"Before you relate it," said Mrs. Bartlett, "will you allow me to ring for the addition of Maria and Emma to our party? Something will probably be said that may be of use to them; and they may just as well bring their work here,

as sit round the school-room fire with their brothers and Louisa."

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington requested Mrs. Bartlett to send for all the children, declaring that their company would be giving them an additional pleasure.

Mrs. Bartlett, however, only sent for the three eldest, and said Edwin and Louisa should be indulged by coming in for a little while, after they had taken their tea.

"And I will suspend my little narrative," said Mr. Bartlett, "until we have had ours."

CHAPTER VIII.

After the tea-things were removed, and the ladies settled at their work, Mrs. Bartlett requested her husband to relate the circumstances he had alluded to, before tea.

"While spending a few weeks," said he, "with some relations in town, I was invited to meet a small party, at the house of a lady with whom my relations were very intimate. Before they introduced me to her, they told me that she had been a widow for many years; that she had one son and four daughters, and that since her husband's death she had resided in the country, but was now come to London to be near her brother, who was just returned from the West Indies, and had taken a house in Cavendish-square.

"As we were invited *en famille*, we arrived at the lady's house about an hour before dinner.

"The servant conducted us to the drawing room, and informed us that his mistress would come to us immediately. After waiting a full half hour in anxious expectation, we heard a tremendous noise in the room above us. My friends were going to ring to inquire the cause, (for we really imagined some dreadful accident had happened;) when the voices becoming less clamorous, and consequently more distinct, we discovered that it was one of the young ladies in a violent passion, because her sister had contradicted her in something she had stated. I was perfectly electrified by the volley of abusive and unlady-like language that I heard proceeding from the lips of this girl. A young lady of our party turned pale with terror; and I assure you that I do not exaggerate when I say, that in the agitation of the moment I almost believed the ceiling would break through, by the effect of her stamping.

"At length the lady of the house made her appearance; she did not say one word in apology for the shock we had suffered, being ignorant perhaps that we had been partakers of the unpleasant feelings her daughter had occasioned to every body in the house; or was prevented probably by the arrival of several of her friends,

who were announced before she had time to say any thing beyond an inquiry of our health, &c.

"Presently the four young ladies were introduced. The eldest, an untidy inelegant-looking girl, of about twenty years of age, was the first who entered the room; her hair looked dishevelled, her clothes were carelessly put on, and although made of the richest materials, they wore an appearance of much neglect; her silk gown was full of creases, from not having been carefully folded up; the sandals of her shoe had been broken, and tied together in a knot; and the delicate complexion of her arm discovered itself through the fractures of her white kid glove."

At this Mr. Wellington smiled, and asked Mr. Bartlett if he was not a little too satirical?

"No, no," continued Mr. Bartlett, "I am not levelling my ridicule at any person known to the company; therefore, I must be permitted to represent their faults in as strong a light as they really deserve. But to take leave of this unbecoming fair one, with her slip-shod shoes and ruffled hair, I must whet up my recollection to describe the very fascinating appearance of the

second miss. Her sullen brow and crimson countenance immediately informed us that she had been the heroine of the fray up stairs. When seated amongst us, she evidently endeavoured to assume a look of smiling composure, but the recent traces of ill-humour were not so easily obliterated; and the unkind glances she sometimes threw at her eldest sister, induced us to believe that the dispute had been with her.

"The third looked a good-humoured innocent little girl; but it was impossible not to feel somewhat sorry at the awkward embarrassment of her manner, as she entered the room. She led her youngest sister by the hand, who, at the age of eight, displayed all the affectation of a school-miss of eighteen: in her manner there was an effrontery particularly ungraceful in a little girl; and as she curtsied to each of the company, she formed a ludicrous contrast to her blushing sister, who, overwhelmed with confusion at the sight of several strangers, sat down in the first chair, without taking notice of any one in particular. She had made one awkward curtsy as she entered, and her confusion would not allow her to make another.

"The son, a pleasing youth of seventeen, appeared the most companionable of the family: he maintained the conversation, and performed the duties of the table, with astonishing ease and address.

"In the evening a little dance was proposed. We had all taken our places, and I was just going to lead off my partner, when the second daughter, who, by way of distinction, I must call Miss Jemima, declared that she would not dance unless her sister Clarinda changed places with her. Little Clarinda, the third daughter, was a good-natured girl, and very willing to oblige; but in this instance it was out of her power, as she confessed she could not dance out of her usual place. Neither sister would yield to the other, and the dispute was most impolitely carried on, till we grew quite tired of our statue-like posture.

"The brother, greatly mortified by his sisters' want of breeding, endeavoured to reconcile them to each other; but they only upbraided him, by saying that he had no right to interfere. The mother now stepped forward, and commanded them, in an angry tone, to cause no disturbance, but to proceed with their dance. They

answered her impertinently, and though they at length obeyed her, the enjoyment of the evening was destroyed.

"At supper, the temper of the young ladies appeared restored, and I began to think that with a little management they might become a very agreeable family. Clarinda, whom I have described as looking the most good-humoured, appeared very sorry to part with my cousin Fanny, who was a good-tempered girl, and nearly her own age. The mother perceiving this, invited Fanny to spend a week with them. The invitation was accepted, and a few days afterwards I escorted her to the residence of her fair friends; they pressed me to stay dinner, and the young gentleman and myself becoming exceedingly sociable, we passed the evening in a very agreeable *tête a tête*, while the young ladies amused themselves by looking over a portfolio of drawings, that had been sent them that morning by a friend.

"Frederick and I began to like each other very much; and when he urged me to stay the remainder of the week with Fanny, I did not require much solicitation to comply with his request.

"The next morning I arose at my usual hour, and was greatly surprised in finding none of the family up. At nine o'clock the servants began their employment of sweeping the carpets and dusting the furniture of the rooms where we were to sit. At ten we sat down to a breakfast, rendered uncomfortable by the angry looks of the mother, and the impertinent behaviour of the daughters. I soon began to discover that there was but little *system* or *order* carried on in this house. Every thing appeared to be done *out* of place, and *out* of time. Having occasion to pass through the kitchen to visit some of Frederick's curiosities, I was struck with the scene of confusion it presented. The head of the family was making some pastry, while the two servants were absolutely quarrelling with each other in her presence. The tables looked as if all the contents of the larder and scullery had been spread upon them: the pavement greatly needed the assistance of the scrubbing-brush and pail; and I left this heterogeneous mass of litter with feelings of disgust too difficult to describe.

"What, I inwardly inquired, can be the reason of this want of order? What can be the cause to which this family must date its misery? I medi-

tated some time, but the cause was then too hidden for me to develope. By degrees it unfolded of itself. The young ladies treated me with less reserve, and in the course of a few days I was regarded as one of the family. I now began to see that their mother was excessively ill-used by them; that her temper was very bad, and that her children never tried to soften it; on the contrary, they continually exasperated her by their arrogant and undutiful behaviour. I perceived that her authority was completely lost among them, and that her commands were disregarded by the very servants. Her spirits appeared low, and she every hour complained that no one minded her; that she was only the nominal mistress of her house, that her life was very uncomfortable, and that she should go distracted. I every day beheld her in tears, and her health appeared to be rapidly declining. Feeling pity for her situation, I thought of every means that could be devised to alleviate it. In my hours of retirement I endeavoured to ascertain the cause of her trouble, but could not do so. I saw that her children were undutiful, and that her servants regarded her with contempt, but the reason of all this was a mystery that I could not at that time unfathom.

"When I returned to my relations, I mentioned the subject to them; they said, they were aware the whole family were ill-tempered, but they knew not the cause.

"I wondered why they visited them, but made no remark on their doing so.

"A few days after this I was introduced to the Captain, (the lady's brother). I found him to be an intelligent man: in the course of time we became well acquainted.

"One summer evening, as we were sitting together, his sister and nieces made him a visit. After they were gone, I observed that his sister was looking very unwell. 'Yes,' replied he, 'those looks are occasioned by the unbecoming conduct of her daughters.' This led to an explanation of the whole mystery. From him I learnt that his sister was a woman who had always indulged a weak susceptibility of feeling; that at the time of her husband's death no one could persuade her to part with her children, for the purposes of education. She complained that her friends were cruel in expecting such a sacrifice from her, and that she loved the little darlings so much, that it would be almost death

to be separated from them; besides, she wished to superintend their education herself. She did so, and every day was strict in her requisition of their lessons, but she totally neglected the culture of their dispositions and manners. She used no energetic resolution to counteract the slatternly habits of her eldest child; and the second with impunity was permitted to terrify the whole family by the unbounded flights of her passion: while the awkward manners of Clarinda, and the pertness and self-sufficiency of little Ellen, met with a very small share of correction.

"Thus the children grew up. As their years increased, their failings became stronger. In process of time Elizabeth, the eldest, was a confirmed sloven, and Jemima's temper the source of uneasiness to all in the house. In addition to their *particular* failings, self-will was their *general* characteristic; and to such a pitch had this vice arrived, that they would not submit to the smallest contradiction of their wishes, or ever listen to the advice of their mother, even in affairs of the highest importance. From having been frequently permitted to follow their own way, they grew impertinent whenever their mother contradicted them; and as she had once

or twice incautiously condescended to dispute with them, they were now in the daily habit of wrangling with her. The servants copied the example of their young mistresses, and the house was generally a scene of confusion, wrath, and misery.

"When the Captain had finished this unpleasing account, I wished him a good evening; but instead of returning immediately to the house of my relations, I took a ramble in the fields, and meditated on the *unhappy consequences of a bad education.*"

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington were sensibly affected by the conversations they occasionally engaged in at Chesnut Grove; and they approved so highly of Mr. Bartlett's sentiments and opinions on the subject of education, that they adopted them as their own, and endeavoured to reduce them to practice. The happy fruits of their new method of instructing became visible in the improved conduct of their little boy, who gradually gave some fresh proof of amendment.

Maria and Emma grew very much attached to Miss Wellington, and their papa and mamma did all in their power to promote the intimacy, because they perceived many excellent traits in her character.

"My children," said Mr. Bartlett, as they were one day returning from a long walk, "it is my particular wish that you cultivate the friendship of Miss Wellington. I have often enjoined

you to regard your mother as your first friend, but I am far from wishing you to confine your friendship exclusively to her; I know the delight young hearts are capable of receiving from associating with various persons of lively talents and amiable dispositions, and as long as the selection of your acquaintances devolves upon your mamma and myself, you need not scruple in giving them some of the best affections of your hearts, as I trust we shall always direct your friendship to those persons who will be worthy of it. In Miss Wellington you will find a friend capable of promoting your happiness and improvement. Her being seven or eight years older than yourselves will enable her to give you better advice, and will render her a more valuable companion than if she had been a girl of your own age. A young woman of Miss Wellington's open and sincere disposition, will point out your errors, and would rather venture to displease you, than suffer you to indulge a wrong inclination."

"That she would indeed, papa," said Emma, "she told me of something the other day; and I have heard Mrs. Wellington say that she has such a kind manner of telling people of their errors, that she always endears them to her at the very time she is finding fault with them."

"The gentleness and meekness of Miss Wellington's manner," replied Mr. Bartlett, "is one of the most prominent lineaments of her character; and I contemplate these qualities in her with the highest pleasure, because I believe them to proceed from the possession of Christian principles, *and not* from the superficial polish of studied politeness."

"Should you wish our dispositions, papa, to be as soft and gentle as hers?" inquired Maria.

"Before I answer your question, my dear,' rejoined Mr. Bartlett, "let me know your reasons for asking it."

"Because, papa, Mr. Thomson says that if Miss Wellington was placed in a subordinate station, she would be liable to much oppression, owing to the easiness of her disposition; and that her natural timidity would induce her to submit to things that her conscience disapproved."

"I should imagine, Maria," replied Mr. Bartlett, "that Mr. Thomson is not well acquainted with Miss Wellington, otherwise he would have formed a different opinion of her.

In Miss Wellington I have never discovered any instances of that passive tameness that yields an assent to the opinions of others before the judgement is convinced, and her regard for truth is so great, that I am sure she would do nothing through an improper complaisance that her conscience did not wholly approve; therefore, Maria, I should wish your temper in every respect to be as soft and as gentle as that of Miss Wellington's.

"The apostle St. Peter has set forth meekness as one of the highest ornaments of woman, *Whose adorning, says he, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible; even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of* GOD *of great price*—of great price in the sight of God! Is there, then, in the whole realm of nature a gem of such inestimable value? Is there an ornament of such surpassing beauty in all the cabinets of the jeweller's repository? or in all the wardrobes of fashion's votaries? Your persons may be adorned with raiment of the richest texture, and decorated with trinkets of the most transcendent value; but should this

highest ornament be wanting, the sparkling lustre of the diamond, and the glowing tinge of the purple, will be overlooked.

"What charms can the embellishments of dress give to a countenance surcharged with the crimson of evil tempers, or to a form agitated by the workings of boisterous passions? Feminine meekness, when cultivated on Christian principles, is surely one of the highest touches to the character. It possesses more powerful attractions than do all the accomplishments that can be learned in the school of the world. It gives a charm to female society, preferable to that which the most cultivated intellect can bestow. It inspires with the warmest affections; it crowns the angry brow of the wrangling disputant with the olive-branch of peace, and smooths his ruffled passions into calmness.

"Meekness is the temper that shone forth so eminently in the life of the BLESSED REDEEMER —the temper which it will be your highest interest to copy, and your greatest happiness to possess. *Blessed are the meek*, says JESUS, *for they shall inherit the earth.* To no purpose would all the blessings of this terrestrial globe be lavished upon you, if you were destitute of

this heavenly temper. Your mind would be incapable of enjoying them, and the language of your heart (though perhaps not of your lips) would be, Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at *rest*. Peace or rest is the object of which all human creatures are in search, but they will never find it, so long as they neglect the cultivation of this Christian temper. Bliss does not so much consist in the outward possession, as in the internal disposition of the mind. Study, then, my children, to obtain the possession of this glorious ornament; and look up to God for his blessing, and he will surely render your search successful."

When Mr. Bartlett had finished speaking, Maria inquired if there was any other quality in Miss Wellington that he wished her and her sisters to copy?

"You must have observed," said Mr. Bartlett, "the extreme *modesty* and *diffidence* that characterize Miss Wellington's demeanour.

"Diffidence in woman is a property of the most pleasing nature. There is nothing so engaging as bashful innocence, nothing more amiable

than retiring worth. But that woman who obtrudes herself upon our notice, is an object of contempt, (I had almost said of disgust:) I know of nothing more unbecoming than a pert and forward deportment in your sex.

"I have remarked, that in company Miss Wellington is rather silent than otherwise. Imitate her in this, for there is something in a very talkative woman particularly unpleasing; *le silence est le plus bel ornement des femmes*, is a sentiment that I have always read with pleasure, and I trust that both my daughters will adopt it as their motto. I would rather see you carry your bashfulness too far, than have you err on the opposite side. A forward woman is an unamiable creature, and always excites in our breasts feelings of the greatest abhorrence. Do not, however, imagine, from what I have said, that I would have you, even in company, perfectly silent; for there are many opportunities in which you may support and enliven the conversation; but when you do so, never lose sight of the apostolic precept—*Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt*; or in the words of the mother of Lemuel—*Open your mouth with wisdom, and on your tongue let there be found the law of kindness;* and remember, that you cannot open your

mouth with wisdom when you lose sight of woman's brightest ornament, *modesty*; for a wise woman will be discreet. *I will*, says the apostle, *that women adorn themselves with shamefacedness*, and what does this shamefacedness imply but a virtuous and diffident reserve?"

Mr. Bartlett paused; but Maria and Emma begged that he would point out some other excellency for them to copy in the character of their friend.

"I have been particularly struck," said he, "by the neatness and simplicity of her dress. You recollect, the apostle has enjoined *modesty* of attire —*I will that women adorn themselves in modest apparel*—as opposed to that which is immodest, and to that which is vain. A young lady, decked off to the highest acmé of fashion, is obliged to compromise some of the feelings of feminine delicacy. In what view can a sober person behold the evening costume of some of these young votaries of caprice—can he do so with any other feeling than that of pity, mingled with disapprobation? It is no excuse for them to say, 'we must dress like other people—we cannot make ourselves appear ridiculous by looking different to every body else.' This argu-

ment will not do for women professing godliness; the command of your Maker, conveyed by the lips of his apostle, is, *Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds.* When custom would demand of you the sacrifice of propriety, or of expense, beyond your means, then, my children, let your conduct be governed by this principle: in things indifferent conform to the general opinion, and do not affect a *needless* singularity. At present your dress is regulated by the directions of your mother; and as long as it is so, it will be governed by the strictest rules of prudence and decorum; but as a sudden stroke of providence, or an unexpected change in situation, may deprive you of her maternal care, it behoves me, as your father, to point out the plan I should wish you to follow, if left to your own discretion. The task is an easy one. I need only direct your attention to the *precepts* and *example* of your mother, and then my duty is performed; but although you have at present the advantage of your mother's precepts, and can every day enjoy the benefit of her example, yet I think you will not object to hear any thing else that your father may have to say on the subject."

Mr. Bartlett looked at his daughters with an

inquiring smile, which they answered by an earnest entreaty for him to proceed.

"You cannot," continued he, "cultivate *neatness* and *propriety* too much.

"Always avoid *finery* and *extreme gaiety*; yet, on suitable occasions, your station in life demands some degree of ornament, and I should not wish to see your dress totally devoid of it; but be careful of falling into the opposite extreme. I had rather see too little than too much, and I should wish my children, by their conversation and deportment, to *give* lustre to the ornaments they wear, and not to *borrow* it from thence in consequence of their insipidity and inattention.

"Do not let your dress engage too large a portion of your time. Discharge the daily duties of the toilet as speedily as you can; that is, do not expend any *unnecessary* moments upon them; but never suffer this praiseworthy dispatch to be exchanged for a culpable disregard to the laws of cleanliness and order. A departure from these laws conveys the idea of something shocking. It bears an analogy to impurity of mind, and we turn from the sight of a dirty slovenly female with emotions of the most inve-

terate disgust. But when you can unite *dispatch* to a proper discharge of these superior duties, you will have attained the highest summit in this department to which I wish you to aspire.

"Let me warn you from making dress the too frequent subject of your discourse. If your auditors possess sense and discernment, the subject must be an uninteresting one to them, and may prove a detrimental one to yourself. Your auditors will form a shallow opinion of your understanding, and you will probably appear less deserving in their eyes than you really are.

"I once knew a young lady, who was in many respects agreeable, but from her propensity to this kind of conversation, she lost the good opinion of several of her friends; and some of them talked of dropping their intimacy with her, because they could derive nothing profitable or amusing from her society.

"Had this young lady bestowed less time and less thought on the adornments of her person, I think her discourse might have been more congenial to an intelligent companion; and she would not have evinced so much eagerness to

have displayed a new frock, or fashionable bodice. And had she employed a part of that time in the reading of well-selected books, she might have been as *modest* and as *diffident* as Miss Wellington. On the contrary there was a levity in her manner, bordering upon forwardness. I trust I shall never see any species of levity in either of you. You cannot, my dear girls, entertain a too exalted opinion of feminine modesty. The possession of it will always add to your felicity; whilst the least dereliction of its sacred laws would throw a stain over your mind, that all your future endeavours might not be able to expunge.

"We have been talking of Miss Wellington, and I have recommended you to copy the two virtues that shine forth so brightly in her character; but beware of *appearing* modest or gentle, when you are in fact the reverse. Do not be hurt by this piece of advice. I give it, because I know it is possible that you may deceive yourselves, and fancy *you are something while you are nothing.* The best antidote to this self-deception will be, to lay the foundation of these virtues so deep that they cannot be easily rooted up. Let their seat be in the HEART. Make it not so much your study to render your *manners* gen-

tle and modest, in order to gain the affection and approbation of your fellow-creatures, as to acquire that real meekness of *disposition*, and purity of *mind*, that will be pleasing in the eyes of your MAKER. Do all things with a view to glorify HIM. Let a consideration of his commands check the first risings of an angry or fretful emotion, and a sense of his presence prevent the momentary indulgence of an unholy thought. Pray for the sanctifying influences of his SPIRIT, and you will possess one of its distinguishing gifts, viz. that of GENTLENESS. Pray that you may become *spiritually-minded*, and there will not be much danger of a levity of *deportment*. In one word, let the softness and gentleness of your *manners* be the offspring of *a meek and quiet spirit*, and let the modesty of your *demeanour* proceed from *the purity of your heart*."

CHAPTER X.

During the time Maria had lived with her aunt, no one had ever conversed with her in the manner her father did; consequently the novelty of his discourses assisted in rendering them pleasing and impressive. She was so much delighted with what he had said on modesty and gentleness, that when they were returned from their walk, she took memorandums of some of the observations he had made.

"My memory is so bad," said she to Emma, "that unless I use some sort of expedient, I shall soon forget the excellent advice papa has given us."

"I most highly approve of the plan," said Emma, "but I hope you will make a better use of it than I have done. I have found, that when I have taken notes of any thing I wished particularly to remember, I have trusted entirely to

them, and have neglected to *think* upon the subject, and have seldom taken the trouble to read what I have written; thus the whole has been effaced from my mind, quite as soon as if I had not taken this method of retaining it. I mentioned it to mamma one day, and she laughed, and said that by such a plan I enriched my pocket-book instead of my understanding; and really, Maria, there can be no utility in our heaping up sentiments of knowledge and of virtue, unless they exercise our thoughts, and influence our conduct."

"Very true indeed," replied Maria, "but I hope my heart and conduct will be amended by the observations that my scrap-book will contain."

"I hope so too," rejoined Emma, "and I shall sometimes beg the favour of a perusal of them, that my behaviour as well as yours may be improved by them."

"I suppose you often review your extracts from the sermons?"

"I make a point of reading one extract every day."

"I trust, my dear sister," said Maria, "I shall follow an example so excellent, and that my extracts may prove of service to me also."

Maria was as good as her word; she continued to take notes from the discourses she heard and the books she read, and her subsequent conduct shewed that she did not only write, but that she often read, and daily practised what she had written. The solidity of her papa's arguments had convinced her that there was nothing so desirable as the acquisition of knowledge and virtue; therefore, to the attainment of these, she devoted the whole of her time and attention: and from her papa she learnt, that of all knowledge, the knowledge of her Bible and of herself was the most essential.

By degrees she became sensible of her deficiency in many very necessary qualities, and she did not forget to strengthen that side which she had discovered to be the weakest. Her mamma had now seldom any occasion to reprimand her for a want of order, and the astonishing diligence she every day manifested in the performance of her duties, would not have suffered any one to have supposed that she was naturally of an indolent disposition. She

was sometimes stimulated by the examples of Emma and Louisa. Industry was to them a sort of second nature, but to her it was quite a different thing; she gained her knowledge at the expense of close attention, and severe self-denial; and to a girl who had encouraged indolent habits so long, this was no very easy task. Among the many enemies she had to combat, the love of sleep was one of the most formidable. Emma and Louisa, accustomed to early rising, had always a sufficiency of time for learning their lessons; but poor Maria, habituated to late hours, was obliged to call forth all her resolution to overcome the inclination she felt for indulging in a little more sleep. "Alas!" said she in her journal, (for she now kept a little written account of her daily failings,) "alas! I fear I shall never conquer this inveterate enemy—this encroachment upon my time and peace—every night I make resolutions, and every morning I break them—and so I suppose it will be for ever." This was not however the case: she always entered the hour she arose in the margin of her journal; and thus having a written testimony for or against herself, she had sometimes the satisfaction of beholding figures that afforded her the most heartfelt pleasure.

In the statement of her faults she was always sincere, and this produced in her a temper of deep humility. It prevented her *from thinking more highly of herself than she ought*, and was an incentive to her *thinking soberly*. In her Bible she had read that GOD has commanded the duty of self-examination—*examine yourselves, prove your ownselves*, was a precept that she every day endeavoured to obey.

The accounts in her journal did not always wear a sombre aspect, but were sometimes of a most pleasing cast; for instance, "I look back upon the past day with feelings of the most lively gratitude to a GRACIOUS GOD, who has kept me by his power from the commission of those sins into which I am most liable to fall." Again, "The past week has been a happy season to me; I have enjoyed much inward peace, my failings have been comparatively few, and my morning and evening devotions have been particularly sweet." Such was the delightful frame of mind with which this poor girl was occasionally favoured—I call her *poor*, because she was the subject of many temptations and failings—yet she might properly be considered *rich*, since at such seasons she was rich in heavenly tempers.

From the daily habit of examining herself, Maria became so sensible of her faults, and so humble in consequence, that she trusted to herself in nothing; and would never engage in any thing of importance without previously consulting her father or her mother, and soliciting not only their advice, but also their directions. It was some time before she began to teach in the Sunday-school, and when she did so, she did not venture to impress any religious instruction upon the minds of the children, until she had first requested her papa to point out the manner in which she was to proceed.

"You are going to commence a very responsible duty," said Mr. Bartlett, "and the success of your undertakings will depend, under the blessing of GOD, upon your manner of teaching. You must remember, that during the hours you devote to the school, the *souls* of the children are under your care. From you they will receive their ideas; from you perhaps they will gain all they will ever know of religion.

"The first thing that you must do, is, to look up to ALMIGHTY GOD for his blessing; and then, humbly depending upon his assistance, you must endeavour to ascertain the several capacities of

your scholars, that you may administer a proper quantity of knowledge to each. There will be none so young, but what will be capable of learning something on RELIGION, but you must be very careful of your manner in instilling it; the language you use must be of the *simplest kind*, and suited to the *age* and *capacity* of the child. The first thing you must teach them, is, the existence of a GOD. You must tell them that every good thing they enjoy comes from him; that he made them, and that his eye always beholds them, that he observes their conduct, and knows all their thoughts. You must tell them, also, that he is the maker of all things, in heaven and in earth, and that all things are upheld by his power. You must then point out the difference between right and wrong, and inform them what they must do, in order to obey and serve their GOD. You must teach them what his attributes are, and endeavour to engage their hearts in love and holy admiration of his goodness. Tell them that they must ask him for every thing they want, and praise him for every thing they enjoy; and that he will be angry with them if they disobey their parents, or speak untruths, or if they give way to wicked passions, and use improper language; or if they steal, break the Sabbath, or take GOD's holy name in

vain;—in short, you must point out every moral duty; and at the same time labour to convince them that they have no ability *of themselves* to perform the good, or to forsake the evil, but that they must obtain their power from GOD; that although they can do nothing of themselves, yet they can do all things through Christ strengthening of them.

"Teach them to pay a religious respect to the inward dictates of their CONSCIENCE; to rejoice when they can obtain the approbation of their own bosoms, and to mourn when they are sensible of internal reproaches.

"Acquaint them that there is a world to come, and that their souls will not die with their bodies; but that they will either reign with CHRIST in endless glory, or dwell with the spirits of the wicked in everlasting misery, while their bodies are slumbering in the dust. Inform them, that though their bodies will die, and be buried, yet GOD can, and will, raise them to life again, and will re-unite them to their souls, to be happy or miserable for ever, according to their behaviour in this life.

"Do not imagine, that by talking to them on

these subjects, you will be going beyond their ability of comprehending you. Children are capable of understanding divine truths at an earlier age than it is sometimes believed: we discover this by the serious look, the pertinent reply, and the sensible remark.

"Childhood is susceptible of some of the best affections. Do we not frequently see the softened tear roll over the childish cheek, when told of a Saviour's love—of a Saviour's death? Should we then defer, till riper years, the explanation of divine truths? Instead of telling a child that if she will be good GOD will love her, do you, Maria, endeavour to convince her that she is *not* good, convince her that she has committed sin from her infancy—sin that deserves everlasting punishment—and then point her to that Saviour who died for sinners, to that *Lamb of GOD, which taketh away the sin of the world!* Tell her that JESUS CHRIST came down from heaven, and died to redeem the sinful children of men. Dwell upon the merits of his sacrifice, and try to impress their hearts with love for such a FRIEND.

"But, after all, do not forget that the work belongeth unto GOD. *We* are only the humble in-

struments in his hands, and it is he alone who can effect CONVERSION, and *renovate the heart.* He is commonly pleased to bless our honest endeavours; yet sometimes he may withhold the blessing, to convince us that the work is not our own. Go on, then, my child, in humble dependence upon him; trust to yourself in nothing; implore the directions of his Holy Spirit; and may he bless your youthful labours, to the salvation of many souls."

Maria did not forget her papa's directions; she endeavoured, from Sunday to Sunday, to bring the spirit of his advice into her instructions; and although she had at first many difficulties to contend with in the uncultured minds, and neglected dispositions of the children, yet, in process of time, their general conduct improved, and gave her some reason to hope that her lessons had reached their hearts. But, too humble to presume that her admonitions had produced any very beneficial effects, she comforted herself by the reflection, that she was at least endeavouring to give them a knowledge of letters; and by doing so, she should put it into their power to read the word of GOD.

CHAPTER XI.

As the beauty of the vernal season approached, the happiness of this united family appeared to increase. Emma and Louisa had in Maria a new companion to share their pleasures; and Maria had new sentiments, as well as new associates, to render her capable of enjoying this delightful season in its highest zest. The approach of spring had never before given her so much pleasure. Her aunt was not a woman who derived enjoyment from rural sights, and rural sounds; consequently, while residing with her, Maria had few opportunities of observing the works of nature, or of receiving gratification from visiting the poor in their rustic abodes; but now some of her highest delights consisted in accompanying her papa and mamma, in their visits of mercy, to the neighbouring cottagers, and in contemplating the many beauties that surrounded her. She gazed upon them

with emotions entirely new to her—she now traced the finger of GOD in all his works. In looking upon them, her parents taught her to *think* of their great Author. From the sun, the moon, the clouds, the mountains, and all the grand features of nature, they taught her to contemplate his POWER. In the waving woods, and flowery meads, the orchards of blooming apple-blossom, and the fields of green wheat, they instructed her to trace his GOODNESS and MERCY.

Sometimes, when her mind was worked up with the enthusiastic feelings of admiration, she would suddenly check the rapture she felt from gazing on the objects without, to take a view "of the world within."

"Alas!" she would exclaim, "what a contrast does my breast present to this charming scene! All around me wears the appearance of innocence and peace—in yonder fields I see the dappled cows 'feeding on their Maker's grass, and they are satisfied'—by their side the frisking lambkins frolic about in playful joy, and afford a lesson of peace and love—the songsters of the wood join in one universal chorus to theirs and my CREATOR;—my tongue was likewise made to ce-

lebrate his praise, and my heart should be the seat of gratitude and love."

A retired country life is certainly favourable to moral reflections, and pious meditations, which consideration may in some measure account for Maria's rapid change of sentiment, and improvement of conduct. At her aunt's, the attendance of her numerous masters, the frequent repetition of evening parties, and occasionally a seat at the card table, kept her mind in one continued whirl of dissipation, and left little time for the indulgence of serious thought. Her parental habitation, insulated in its grove of chesnut-trees, and not admitting of any very contiguous neighbours, seldom furnished the opportunity of access to fashionable amusements, or to fashionable parties. Visitors were not perpetually to be found in the drawing room, and the card table was an object unknown. Maria, therefore, was now obliged to procure other entertainments; and in her books, her music, her work, and the delightful conversation of her parents and young companions, she found an ample compensation for the amusements she had relinquished.

In addition to the constant fund of pleasure

within doors, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett had given each of their children a little piece of ground, which they cultivated as their own garden. Mrs. Bartlett considered this as a source not only of recreation, but also of promoting and establishing the health of the children; and as she gave them permission to rise very early, a portion of their time before breakfast was generally devoted to the enjoyment of this beneficial exercise.

Augustus had displayed great taste in the laying out of his garden. Behind two or three large bushes he had formed a pretty bower, which afforded an agreeable surprise to persons on their first visit to his little shrubbery; for, apparently arrived at the extremity of his territories, you are, by a sudden turn of the serpentine walk, placed in front of a shady and inviting retreat. Here the woodbine had twisted its elegant festoons, and the rose and clematis had united their sweets to render this spot the most delightful.

When the little gardeners were fatigued with the labours of their employ, they would retire to the bower of Augustus, to refresh themselves; and on a summer evening Mrs. Bartlett used frequently to bring her work, and sit there with

her daughters, while Mr. Bartlett or Augustus read some interesting book to them.

These judicious parents did not allow of much *poetry* being read by their children, because it was their opinion that the generality of the subjects tended to excite romantic feelings; "and youth," Mr. Bartlett would observe, "is sufficiently prone to romance, without such a stimulous." Nevertheless, as the time and place were so well calculated to make *good* poetry a more than ordinary feast to lively imaginations, Mr. Bartlett seldom read any *prose* to his family, in Augustus's bower; but then the subjects were always well selected, and were chosen from a Milton, a Cowper, or some other poet of unexceptionable worth.

"There is a time and place for every thing," said Mr. Bartlett, one afternoon, as they were sitting in the bower, "and the time and place for reading poetry is on a summer evening, out of doors."

"And for writing it also, I presume," said Mrs. Bartlett, looking archly at Maria. "One evening, I understand," continued she, "that two fair

damsels wandered in a grove, by moon-light, to pay their devoirs to the muses, regardless of the anxious fears of a tender brother, or of the beating heart of an affectionate mother."

"Now, dear mamma!" exclaimed the blushing Maria, "do you think we should have been regardless of you, or of Mr. Wellington, if we had known you had been frightened? No! we would have flown with swifter wings than the muses themselves."

"What!" said Mrs. Bartlett, (affecting surprise,) "had *we* known *you* or *Mr. Wellington* were frightened—what can all this mean, Maria? I did not say who the poetesses were, but it appears you are not unacquainted with them."

"There now, mamma! this is how you find things out; I thought Mrs. Wellington had told you."

"No, Maria, I did not actually know that you were making poetry; I only guessed that it might be so, from some secret intelligence I received."

"Did you invoke the muses in unison, and so

blend your poetical effusions together?" said Mr. Bartlett, smiling.

"Oh no, papa," answered Maria; "it is true that we had only one pencil, but we had two bits of paper, so we wrote by turns."

"And then looked at the moon for inspiration," said Mr. Bartlet, laughing; "but come, let me hear this poetical effusion, that I may judge whether the Pegasus of my little girl requires most of the rein or the spur."

"Oh dear, papa!" said Maria, "he sometimes limps so much, that I cannot get him on at all, and at other times sets off full gallop, and leads me into quagmires and quick-sands, to the edges of precipices, and to the brink of deep rivers; so that I find some difficulty in retaining my station, and am often in danger of pecking forward, and of suffering severely for my poetical excursion."

"In such cases, my child, you will do well to hold fast the rein," rejoined Mr. Bartlett, "or, perhaps, the safest caution would be to defer the excursion altogether, until the judgement be sufficiently ripened to direct the steps of this high-

mettled courser. But where is this essay of poetry?"

Maria now endeavoured to assume a graver countenance, while she repeated a few lines written on the "Beauties of Summer."

When she had finished, Mr. Bartlett said that he would make every allowance for the youth of the authoress, but advised her to defer, till riper years, the flights of her poetical fancy.

"At present, my love, said he, "you have business to perform of a more important nature; you must fill your *own* mind with ideas, before you attempt to convey any to the minds of *others*. By experience, and by application to your studies, your judgement will become strengthened and improved; and in time, your little pieces of poetry may not be deficient in sense or beauty."

Mrs. Bartlett said, she should like to see Miss Wellington's production. Maria unfastened her pocket-book, and produced a few lines, which Mr. Bartlett read.

With a good-natured smile he returned them to Maria, but made no remark upon them; ob-

serving that it was getting late, and that they had better adjourn to the house.

The twenty-seventh of June was Louisa's birth day: a party of young friends was invited to spend it with her; but the weather being oppressively hot, their amusements were greatly retarded. In the evening Mrs. Bartlett proposed their going to Augustus's bower.

On arriving there, they found a little table, with the tea-things arranged, a plate of bread and butter, and a large glass bowl of strawberries and cream.

"Now," said Mrs. Bartlett, "I will leave you to yourselves. Maria, do you preside at the tea-table, and endeavour to make your young friends as comfortable as you can."

After tea the weather continued too hot for the young ladies to play on the lawn, or to amuse themselves by any game that required much exercise; so they continued some time in the bower, and afterwards walked quietly about the gardens and shrubberies, until Mrs. Bartlett sent for them to return to the house.

Some little time after this evening, the whole family observed that Augustus was become very thoughtful; that he evidently avoided the company of his brother and sisters, and never appeared happy but when he had an opportunity of getting by himself.

"Are you unwell, my dear Augustus?" said Edwin, one day, "or are you unhappy, that you appear so thoughtful, and avoid my company?"

"I am neither unwell, nor unhappy, thank you, Edwin;" said Augustus, "but I acknowledge that I have lately been particularly thoughtful. I want to acquire knowledge, and I want to make a good use of it when it is acquired."

Augustus spoke the last words in an emphatic tone; his countenance glowed with enthusiasm, and his whole frame seemed agitated. The astonished Edwin looked at him for some moments in silence; at length he inquired what there was in the observation to excite such extraordinary emotion.

Augustus grasped the hand of his brother,

and after a pause of some moments, exclaimed, "Edwin, I want to make a fortune!"

"To make a fortune! you, who always appeared so unconcerned about money?" rejoined Edwin.

"Even so," added Augustus, "and I am determined to make all the progress I possibly can in knowledge, as a means for accomplishing my purpose. I know not for what trade or profession I am designed, yet *knowledge* I am convinced is essential to my success in any. On Louisa's birth day, William Darlington related an anecdote of a very philanthropic man, who had passed the early part of his life in a menial capacity, but was raised, in consequence of his industry and good conduct, from one gradation to another, until he realized a very large property; he then returned to the place of his nativity, founded a free-school, on a very liberal plan, erected several alms-houses, raised two reduced families from the most abject poverty, and in short proved a blessing to the country around.

"I want to follow his example, I want to realize a quantity of wealth; and if I do so, my fellow-creatures shall partake it with me. My

highest aim shall be, to devote it to the glory of my MAKER. May my *name* be unknown—may *Augustus Bartlett* be forgotten in obscurity—yet on his death-bed may he have the satisfaction of knowing that he has made others happy—and that he is going to leave the world, benefitted by his residence in it!"

CHAPTER XII.

From that time Augustus became indefatigable in his labours. He arose every morning at an earlier hour than he had formerly done; pursued his studies through the day with unwearied application; and often devoted a portion of his summer evenings to his improvement in languages and mathematics. So eager was he become in his pursuits of knowledge, that Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett perceiving it, began to entertain fears for his constitution; they therefore insisted on his devoting a part of every day to exercise and recreation.

When Mr. Bartlett could command time from the labours of his profession, he would invite Augustus to ride out with him.

In one of these rides, he asked him if he had formed any idea of what business or profession

he should like to follow, when he had finished his education.

"This is a subject, papa," replied Augustus, "that has not been entirely absent from my mind. I have sometimes wished to be of your profession, at others, to engage in mercantile pursuits; but oftener I have wished to devote my life to the instruction of others."

"By being made a clergyman?" interrupted Mr. Bartlett.

"I do not know exactly, papa, but in some way or other I wish to become an instructor."

Mr. Bartlett promised that he would give him one of the best of educations; and that if he pleased, he should apply it to the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Augustus, delighted by his father's approbation, pursued his plan of study with even renewed alacrity; and Mr. Cameron was not unfrequently astonished by the surprising advances he made.

In the latter end of the month of June, Mrs.

Selvyn returned to the Grove. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett assisted her in selecting a house; and in a short time she was very comfortably settled in a pretty cottage, at about five miles distance.

Maria was very glad that her aunt was come back; but her papa and mamma would not allow her to spend more than a day at a time with her, because they were aware that visiting would retard the progress of her studies.

She continued every day to give some fresh proof of her industry and application. As she now wrote a very beautiful hand, Mr. Bartlett proposed her taking lessons in drawing. Maria was greatly pleased by this indulgence; she had a good taste, and her first specimens gave promise of future eminence.

Mrs. Bartlett greatly excelled in this art, and would sometimes gratify her children by taking little sketches from nature, which she presented to them, as tokens of her approbation for their good conduct; and they had each a pretty portfolio, painted by herself, in which they preserved these little mementos of her affection.

One evening, as she was sketching in the

fields with Maria and Emma, Maria discovered, at a short distance from where they were standing, a beautiful little alcove, of rural uncultivated elegance. Four large beech-trees growing together had thrown a dark shade over the spot, which prevented this little bower from being seen at first. Under their ample branches a group of hazels formed a semicircle; the bank, somewhat raised, afforded a commodious seat, while a pretty flowing rivulet completed the beauty of this little fairy scene.

Mrs. Bartlett left her sketch unfinished, and followed the eager steps of her daughters to the inviting spot.

As they entered, the sun was sinking behind the adjacent hill, and had painted the sky with more than usual beauty. The birds had almost finished their evening song; not a breath of air seemed stirring; the new-mown grass from a neighbouring field flung its sweet perfumes through the atmosphere, and the evening was altogether soft and delicious.

They had walked a considerable distance, and were now rather tired. Emma complained of thirst, and observed how tempting the waters of

the brook appeared. Mrs. Bartlett, perceiving a place where some of it could be procured with the greatest safety, drew a piece of stiff paper from her pocket, and folding it several times, she twisted it at the bottom; then gathering a couple of large dock-leaves, she placed them round it, and fastened them together with a pin. Thus a cup was speedily invented, and never did an emperor at a feast quaff the libations poured to him with higher gratification than did our wearied party the refreshment of this summer brook.

When this little incident was over, they remained silent and thoughtful; each, wrapped in a reverie of pleasing reflections, seemed unwilling to interrupt, or to be interrupted, till Maria suddenly exclaimed—

"Listen, mamma!" They all listened, and distinguished some sounds of distant music. It was soft and sweet, floated upon the air for an instant, and was gone.

"O how delightful!" exclaimed Maria, "I wish we could hear it again."

They waited, but all was silent. It began to

grow late, and they arose to return home; but before they had left their retreat, the same sounds again accosted their attention, and appeared to approach nearer.

"How sweet!" ejaculated Emma, "what beautiful shakes—what variety in the inflections!"

The music gradually drew nearer, till at length they were certain that the beech-trees alone separated them from the musician.

"We must go, my dears," said Mrs. Bartlett, "the music may proceed from some strolling player, and I do not think it right to remain here, as your papa is not with us."

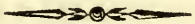
As she finished speaking, a sweet but powerful voice began to accompany the instrument.

"It is Julia!—it is Julia!"—exclaimed Maria, and running to the edge of the rivulet, she tried to penetrate through the thick foliage of the beech, and at length perceived the figures of two ladies, standing near a gentleman, who was seated on the bank, with a small guitar in his hand. Returning to her mamma, she intreated her to remain till the air was finished. They did so, and

were soon joined by Miss Wellington, and her brother and sister.

Mutual surprise and mutual congratulations were expressed. Mr. and Miss Wellington acknowledged themselves the musicians; and this pleasing addition to their party rendered the walk home doubly exhilirating to Mrs. and the Misses Bartlett.

The adventures of their walk furnished conversation for the remainder of the evening; but Mr. Bartlett said, that he did not know whether he should ever trust his beloved charges to wander in the woods and fields again, without his protection.



CHAPTER XIII.

On the following morning Mrs. Bartlett complained of a pain in her limbs, and of a slight cold in her head. Towards evening the violence of the pain increased; and the next day her cold was accompanied by alarming symptoms. Every sense seemed impaired: her taste was completely gone, her eye-sight and hearing were affected, and her face and gums were very sore; yet, assuring her husband and children that she should soon get better, she resisted their importunities to remain in her chamber, and would sit up throughout the day.

"It is merely a cold," said she, "occasioned by my neglect in not taking a shawl last evening, and I have no doubt but I shall lose it altogether in the course of a day or two."

Mr. Bartlett, however, perceiving that her cold was more than a common one, and that she

actually grew worse, sent for the family physician, who desired her to retire to her own room immediately, and to take every possible care of herself.

The abatement of her cold was followed by very painful head-aches, and a slight degree of fever. A general debility affected her frame, and every day the symptoms became more alarming.

Maria, who had never known her mother seriously ill before, was now in great affliction. Her studies were suspended, and she wished to pass the whole of the day in her mamma's apartment.

"My dear Maria," said Mrs. Bartlett, one day, "although your attendance is highly gratifying to me, I had rather see you endeavouring to supply my place, in the superintendence of those duties that I am obliged to neglect.

"While I am confined to this room, it will be giving me much satisfaction to know that all your papa's comforts are properly attended to, and that the business of the school-room is performed in the best manner of which you are

capable. From the nature of my complaint, it is likely that I may be ill a long time; and if I thought the education of yourself and sisters was entirely neglected, it would give me a great deal of uneasiness."

Maria now endeavoured to command the agitation of her feelings, and promised to supply her mother's place to the best of her ability; but as the malady of her beloved parent increased, she found it very difficult to perform her promise.

Emma, on the contrary, manifested more Christian fortitude and resignation. She heard little Louisa repeat her lessons, attended to her own as well as she was able, and then hastened to the sick apartment of her mother, in the hope of administering some relief.

The symptoms of Mrs. Bartlett's complaint had terminated in a typhus fever; and before the approach of winter, the sanguine hopes of her husband and children were exchanged for fears of the most alarming nature. Gloom and sorrow pervaded every apartment, yet on every countenance were imprinted the traits of resignation; but if any one evinced a less portion of

this Christian grace than the others, it was Maria. She appeared to feel the affliction in a more poignant degree than the rest, and was almost constantly on her knees, imploring her MAKER to spare her mother's life.

Miss Wellington passed a good deal of her time at the Grove, and in a great measure alleviated the sorrows of its inhabitants by her soothing and delicate attentions.

When the tea or breakfast was brought in, it was Miss Wellington who presided—when little Louisa was worn out with sobbing, it was Miss Wellington who pointed out some means of employment for her — and when Maria was nearly overwhelmed with the excess of her agony, it was her friend Julia Wellington who soothed her by some seasonable word of consolation.

"What is there in this wide world," said Maria, "that I would not give to save my mother's life?"

"What is there in this world, my beloved Maria," answered Miss Wellington, "to equal the

joys to which your dear mother is hastening! shall we, my dearest Maria, wish to lengthen the time of her estrangement from them?"

"Oh no!" rejoined the weeping Maria, "yet how shall I sustain her loss?"

"When our friends, my dear, are brought down to the grave as it were with pain and affliction, and are themselves willing to depart," replied Miss Wellington, "would it not be cruel in us to wish their stay, merely that we may enjoy their society a little longer?"

"Yes, indeed," said Maria, "and I will try to chasten my sorrow; I will try to bow with submission to the will of my Heavenly Father."

"You must, my dear," added Miss Wellington, "you must remember that the trial comes from HIM! It was HE who gave her unto you, and if it pleaseth him to take her away, you must endeavour not to repine."

"Oh! may he bestow his grace upon me," said Maria, "to support me under this heavy affliction."

"May your prayer, Maria, be answered," said Emma, "and let us not forget to pray for grace to enable us to alleviate the sufferings of our dear father. His grief must be even more violent than ours."

For some weeks there appeared little change in the state of Mrs. Bartlett's complaint. Her sufferings were very great, but her mind was calm and easy.

When able to converse, RELIGION and her family were her only concerns.

She dwelt much upon the merits of the Saviour's sacrifice; on him she placed all her trust, and from him she derived all her support.

At one time she evinced a good deal of anxiety in the prospect of leaving her children; but by degrees this anxiety subsided, and she cheerfully gave them up to the care of her Redeemer.

She lingered through the winter, and in the spring her complaint took a different turn, but not less alarming than the former. The physi-

cian ordered change of air, and Mr. Bartlett determined to remove her from the Grove as soon as possible.

"In that case, my dear," said she, "you must look out for some school for the children. I think Miss Wellington has a relation who instructs a few young ladies; let us consult her, she can undoubtedly give us all the information we require."

Miss Wellington wrote to her relation. The answer to the letter gave every satisfaction, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett determined upon placing their daughters under her care.

Early in the month of April, this plan was put into execution. Poor Maria, sorry to leave her dear mamma, was yet greatly consoled by the reflection that she left her under the care of Miss Wellington, who had kindly offered to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett in their excursion.

Mr. Cameron wished the boys to remain at his house; but as Mr. Bartlett did not like to impose so much trouble upon his friend, he pre-

ferred sending them to a school that had been recommended to him by a relation, to whom he had written on the subject.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE lady with whom Maria and her sisters were so fortunate as to be placed, was one of those exemplary characters who always acted from principle—and from the best of principle—that deduced from the word of GOD.

In discharging the duties of her undertaking, she made a point of consulting the dictates of her conscience.

"My heart shall not reproach me," she would say, "with the neglect of these dear children. Providence has committed them to my charge; their parents have given them up to my protection, and it is *I* who must supply them with a mother's care. I shall regard them as *my* children, and I trust I shall not only furnish their minds with the elements of useful knowledge, but shall also promote their comfort and enjoyment."

"One great part of her duty, she conceived, was to watch over and correct the dispositions of the children. Indeed, she looked upon this as one of the most important and necessary parts of education. Her opinion was, that the forming of the manners, and the government of the heart, were of more utility than furnishing their minds with a knowledge of the sciences. Nevertheless, as a study of these things was one mean of accomplishing her principal object, and as she was a great friend to literature, (but above all, as she received remuneration from their friends for instructing them in every useful and polite accomplishment,) she did so to the very utmost of her capacity.

On whatever subject she instructed her pupils, she endeavoured to give them general reasons for which it was expedient that they should attain that particular qualification, and the general purposes to which when attained it was to be applied. She endeavoured to convince them that ornamental acquisitions were designed to supply their hours of leisure with innocent and amusing occupations — occupations that would tend to prevent the languors and the snares of idleness, render *home* attractive, and contribute to the amusement and happiness of their families.

"The forming of the female character," she would say, "is of the utmost importance. The happiness of human life is less affected by great but unfrequent events, than by the daily recurring incidents of good and evil. In like manner, the peace and comfort of husbands, fathers, and brothers, will greatly depend upon the character of the females they live with. In a thousand little instances they may promote their felicity, or add an additional pang to their miseries."

Such were the sentiments of this worthy preceptress; and the happiness and improvement of her pupils shewed that they were not only sentiments that her judgement approved, but were such as she daily reduced to practice.

The Misses Bartlett soon became tolerably reconciled to their new situation; and had it not been for the affliction that secretly preyed upon their minds, they would have been very happy indeed. There were five young ladies there, beside themselves; and as their kind governess had intimated the cause of their unhappiness, these young ladies emulated each other in their endeavours to amuse and make them comfortable. It was not long before they all became well acquainted with one another; and as much pains

was bestowed upon the cultivation of the temper, they had seldom any dispute, but formed a little united family of affectionate sisters, with their excellent governess at their head, as the common parent of them all.

Mr. Bartlett wrote a letter to his children every week, to inform them of the state of their mother's health; but these accounts were seldom of a favourable nature, and all the comfort they could derive from them was, that she did not get worse.

A father, who took such an interest in the welfare of his children as Mr. Bartlett, could not be in the habit of writing to them now, that they were at a distance from him, without giving them some little pieces of advice. In one of his letters, written soon after their arrival, he says,

"It gives me pleasure, my dear children, to find that you are so comfortable. Indeed I know that your governess will do every thing in her power to make you happy; and in return, I trust that you will studiously avoid creating her displeasure, that you will pay the most diligent attention to her instructions, and cherish

feelings of kindness and affection for your school-fellows."

These sort of letters were calculated to make an impression upon the children, and as they tenderly loved their papa, they paid the greater deference to his admonitions.

The midsummer holidays were passed at the school. During the next half year, Mr. Bartlett wrote several letters to his children, that gave them the highest pleasure. He told them that the medical gentlemen had began to discover some symptoms of amendment in their mother, and that if she continued to get better, he hoped they should all pass the next Christmas together, at Chesnut Grove.

The anxiety with which they awaited the arrival of the holidays was very great. Three quarters of a year had elapsed since they had seen their dear parents and brothers, and when the anticipated day arrived, they scarcely knew how to command their feelings. The excess of their emotion was however tempered, when they took leave of their kind governess and school-fellows; and they did not part without tears of unfeigned sorrow on both sides.

The meeting of this now happy family was a very joyful one. The children all found their mother better than their fears had suffered them to expect; and the parents were delighted with the improvements of their children.

Augustus and Edwin, although very much grown themselves, could not help remarking how much taller their sisters were; who, in their turn, gazed upon the improved appearance of their brothers, with some degree of astonishment.

The convalescence of Mrs. Bartlett was very gradual, so as to render it absolutely necessary for the children to return to school.

After a few weeks of almost unmingled pleasure, they once more left the parental roof, to return to the duties of their respective seminaries.

The absence of the young ladies, however, was not long protracted; and when they returned, they were agreeably surprised in finding Miss Wellington an inmate of their house, and their joy was unbounded when informed that she had promised to reside with them.

An unexpected circumstance had called Mr. and Mrs. Wellington to a distant part of the country, and Mrs. Bartlett had requested Julia to reside with her. As her health was now nearly re-established, she determined once more to preside over the education of her daughters, in which undertaking Miss Wellington had offered her assistance. Mrs. Bartlett accepted her proposal with gratitude, and was very happy in having so kind an assistant to share the labours and pleasures of such important duties.

I pass over the emotions of the little circle on the first morning of their entering their long-deserted school-room, for the purposes of study.

I pass over the circumstances that took place during the next two or three years, and will endeavour to delineate a faithful picture of Maria when arrived at the conclusion of her education.

CHAPTER XV.

When she left school, her mamma perceived that her education was by no means finished: she had made a considerable progress, but the loss of some of her early years had prevented her from attaining a proficiency. She was now nearly seventeen years of age, but her mamma urged her to continue her lessons as usual. Maria, always happy in pleasing her mother, exerted every faculty to deserve her approbation. Her French, her Italian, and all her other studies were pursued, with the hope of giving her mother pleasure; and Mrs. Bartlett had every reason to be pleased with her endeavours. Before she had completed her twentieth year, she was become every thing that the most sanguine expectations of her parents could desire.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages resulting from two years' neglect—notwithstanding the habits of indolence she had formed—she had

risen superior to them all, by the divine blessing, on the energies of APPLICATION.

Her temper and manners were obliging; her mind was the seat of useful knowledge and pleasing reflections; she excelled in every elegant and womanly accomplishment; and notwithstanding the errors of her childhood, she was now a pattern of NEATNESS and ORDER. But what was of more importance than all, she was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, and a faithful friend. She contributed in a very large degree to the felicity of the inhabitants of Chesnut Grove; and the ignorant, spoiled, and indolent girl, is now transformed into the well-informed, amiable, and industrious young woman.

Emma and Louisa are lovely girls; but as they have not had such disadvantages to contend with as Maria, their being so is the less remarkable.

Augustus is at college, and in a letter to his father he says, that he wishes to consider it as a retirement, to be consecrated to the improvement of his mind.

Edwin has just left school, and it is intended that he should be brought up to the profession of his father.

Mrs. Selvyn, preferring the society of the Bartletts to any other, keeps very little company. She is less gay and less fashionable than when she resided at Dalton Cottage, but is a great deal happier, and is of more benefit to society.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington are annual visitants at the Grove: they spent a month there last summer, accompanied by their son, who is now a very pleasing youth. The suavity and gentleness of his manners demonstrate, that the natural turbulence of his disposition has in a great measure been counteracted by the improved plan of his education. Mrs. Wellington has long relinquished her *scolding* system, finding it no longer necessary. She has two little girls, who give promise of becoming the counterparts of the Misses Bartlett.

Mr. Cameron's son is still Augustus's companion in study, and his arrival at the college was a great addition to the happiness of his friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron are sociable neigh-

bours to the family at Chesnut Grove. They are very pleasing people; the urbanity, benevolence, and piety of their hearts are discernable through the veil of modesty with which they are obscured.

They sometimes accompany the Bartletts in their visits to the poor, when Mr. Cameron, as the village pastor, gives the best of advice. He prays with those who are ill, and encourages the healthy in their works of industry and labour.

Maria and Emma, having more time to dispose of than before their education was finished, employ a larger part of it in the works of benevolence and love.

Accustomed to visit the abodes of poverty, they are led to meditate on the miseries of their fellow-mortals, and when lamenting over their sufferings, they are induced to do all that lies in their power to alleviate them.

"It is not enough," said Maria, one day, "that we commiserate the troubles of these poor creatures, we must do all we can to prevent them. Our Heavenly Parent has bestowed numberless

blessings upon us, which in his infinite wisdom he has denied others, and it is his command that we impart to them some of the good things we enjoy. He even condescends to accept these little services as done to himself; and when we reflect that he is the source from whence all *our* blessings flow, shall we not cheerfully obey his righteous command — a command to which he has annexed the most gracious promises? *He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out it shall be paid him again. Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.* Surely we ought to deny ourselves some *gratifications*, that we may have it in our power to administer more liberally to the *necessities* of others; and when we think on the self-denial of the blessed Saviour, and remember what he suffered for the sake of his people, ought we not to manifest our gratitude, by a promptness to obey his commands, and a desire to imitate his example? Let us think on this, and ascertain what sacrifice we can make for the sake of our poorer neighbours."

"I will save *all* my money," replied Louisa, "and will freely give every farthing I possess."

"Stop, Louisa," said Mrs. Bartlett, "these *hasty professions* may not be put into practice; nor neither is it expected of you to give *all* you possess. Be charitable, my Louisa, but be prudent: let not generosity degenerate into prodigality. Imprudence is a fault very common among young people, but it is a dangerous foible, and often ends in much unhappiness. I would wish to see you a generous economist, not a thoughtless little spendthrift. Let me ask you, Louisa, if you give all your money away, from whence are your pins and needles, your tape and cotton, and all such necessary articles to come? You know I expect you to purchase these things yourself, but how can you do so, if you give all your money away? These are articles that you cannot do without, and you might be tempted to run in debt with an honest tradesman, for want of the money you had so thoughtlessly lavished. From small beginnings important consequences proceed: always avoid falling into debt, even in these little trifles. The scriptural rule is, *owe no man any thing*, and an adherence to this rule is the source of much peace. It is a painful truth, that many honest shopkeepers are obliged to endure uncomfortable privations, and some of them have been absolutely ruined, owing to the shameful inattention of their customers to this

very thing. If you are obliged to run in debt, to indulge the feelings of benevolence, the indulgence becomes a crime. It is not charity, but injustice. To be truly charitable, you must cultivate a habit of economy and carefulness; and your benevolence, as well as every thing else, must be carried on by a *plan;* and let the remembrance that you are engaged in your '*Master's work*' stimulate your endeavours, and second your prayers, that at the last you may hear *the joyful plaudit—Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!*"

Mrs. Bartlett then pointed out in what manner Louisa might practice the virtue of self-denial, without depriving herself of things which were absolutely necessary.

"You are working a very pretty flounce, my dear," said she; "now, as this is a superfluous article, have you any objection to wearing your gown plain, or to putting on some hemmed muslin, instead of the handsome bordering you are preparing? If you have no objection to the plan, half of the hour that you devote to this work of a day, may be expended in making a couple of warm gowns for old blind Ellen; and your

flounce, though not finished quite so soon, will do to put on another gown, at some future period."

Louisa joyfully assented to the proposal; and when the two gowns were made, she folded them up with a pleasure that a sight of the most beautiful embroidery could never have inspired.

Miss Wellington, Maria, and Emma have established a little day-school in the village. The children are placed under the care of a steady respectable woman, and the three young ladies frequently attend, to examine the progress of the pupils, and to impart religious instructions.

These kind of employments make them very happy, and they are always to be seen industrious and cheerful.

In Miss Wellington's apartment is a large wardrobe, where they keep a supply of clothes, ready to give to the poor, as proper occasions present themselves. In the summer they devote three mornings in the week, and in the winter three evenings, to the making of them.

Their working parties are always pleasant. On the winter evenings Mr. Bartlett reads to them, or sits by and converses. One evening, as they were altogether, he thus addressed them:—

"It gives me great delight, my children, to see you all so cheerful and happy; but let us not forget to ascribe our gratitude to whom alone it is due. Let us look up to God, as the author and giver of all our mercies, and let us not forget to praise *Him* for the enjoyment of them.

"I am pleased with the beauty and uprightness of your moral conduct, but beware of placing too much dependance upon it. You are praised for your good actions: the rich esteem you, and the poor love you, but remember that *fame* has very intoxicating qualities. Do not forget that after all you are but unprofitable servants, and that you can only do as God giveth you ability. *It is he which must work in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.* I trust that all your good works are the fruit of your faith in JESUS, and that they proceed from a desire to promote *his glory.* If JESUS is your chief good, you will be happy amid the smiles of prosperity and the frowns of calamity; you will enjoy a

bliss that the world cannot give or take away; and when you quit these scenes of mortality, you will depart for the Heavenly Canaan, triumphing in a SAVIOUR'S LOVE, and bearing testimony to the merits of his ATONEMENT."

FINIS.

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